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MAKING MISSIONS REAL

Demonstrations and Map Talks
For Teen Age Groups

BY
JAY S. STOWELL
AND OTHERS



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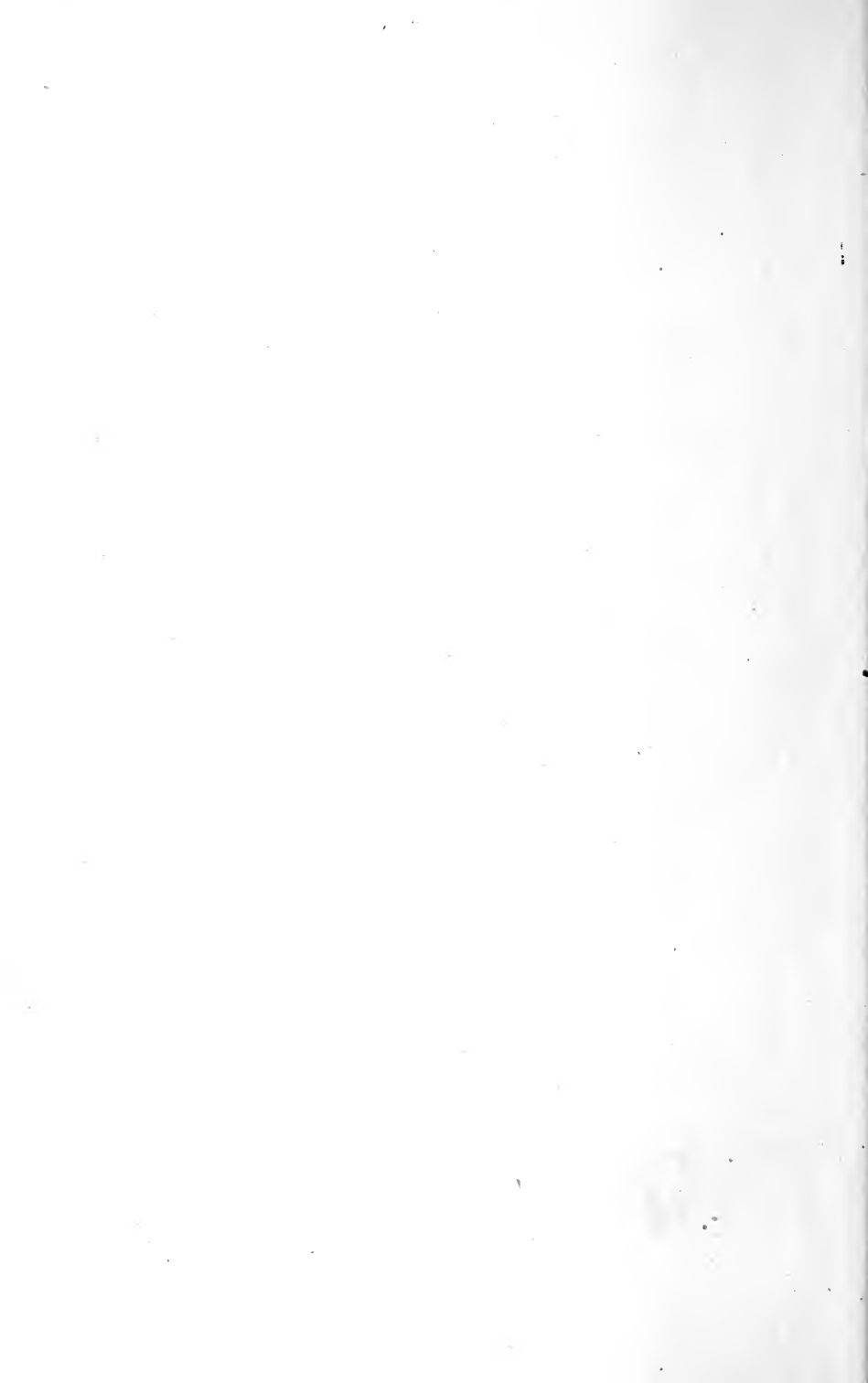
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“For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the Law of Love.”



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FOREWORD

THE material of this book is designed to assist workers in the church school and others who have any responsibility for the religious education of groups above the Junior age, in bringing vividly to the attention of their pupils something of the meaning of the great missionary program of the church. It is particularly adapted for the use of missionary superintendents, Sunday school superintendents, superintendents of Intermediate, Senior, and Young People's departments and leaders in other young people's organizations of various kinds. All of the material is of the sort which can be presented informally in connection with the regular sessions of the church school without interfering in any way with the usual class session. So used these exercises will not only greatly enrich the educational program of the school or department and add new interest and life to its sessions, but they will also provide a much needed outlet for the energy of youth in attractive and genuinely educational expressional activity. In many cases a careful study of the use of the school period will reveal the fact that more time is now wasted or used to little advantage in an average session than is required for the presentation of one of these exercises.

The use of this book should encourage the habit of arranging other map talks, brief dramatizations of scenes from various books, and demonstrations adapted

from the actual experiences of missionaries in action. Public school teachers and many progressive church school leaders have long ago utilized the desire of pupils to express themselves in a variety of ways and particularly to "act out" the things which they learn. It remains for the rank and file of church school leaders to learn that there is nothing mysterious about this method of education, and that we must find all sorts of opportunities for the expression of the pupil's energies if we are to make the educational work of the school genuinely effective, or if we are permanently to maintain the interest of the pupils.

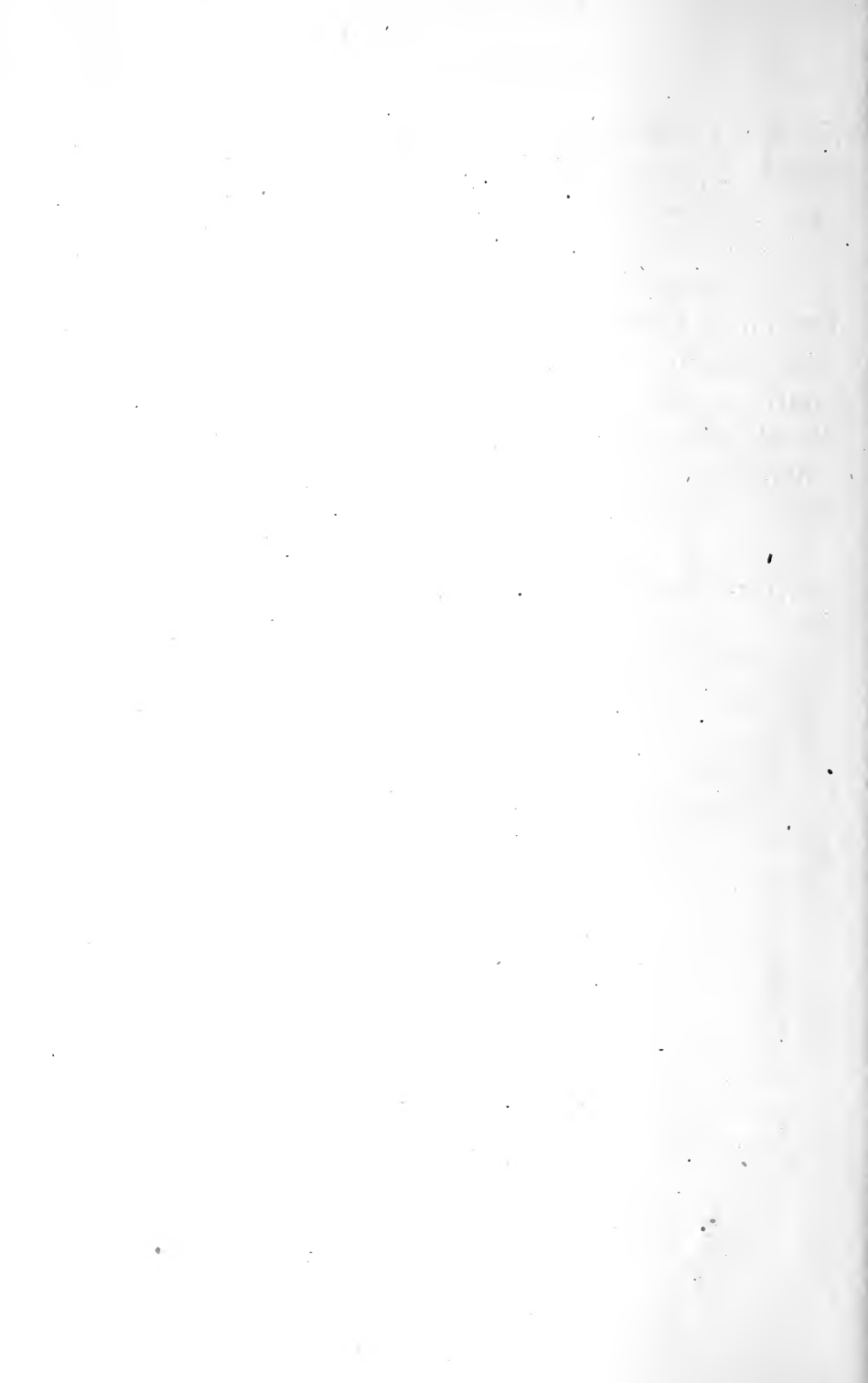
The preparation of maps, charts, or blackboard drawings, the learning of brief parts, the search for information, and the working out of details may be made educational in a very real sense. In cases where two or more pupils are involved in the presentation of a demonstration, carbon copies of the material to be used may be made by a member of the department, who owns or has access to a typewriter. Even so simple a matter as this, done as a service to the group, may become a genuine means of training in Christian living. In some instances definite suggestions of form and method have been omitted so that the initiative of the participants may be brought into play both in the search for needed information and the working out of details. In no case is a costume absolutely essential, although in some instances simple costumes will lend effectiveness to particular demonstrations. Announcements, explanations by the leader, and printed signs and labels may often be used in lieu

of scenes and costumes. This book will have failed of its purpose if the material here presented seems to be too elaborate to be used in an ordinary school.

Some of the brief demonstrations here contained were used at the Methodist Centenary Celebration at Columbus, Ohio. The author is indebted to Dr. E. H. Richards, of Africa, for several of the Africa demonstrations. Mrs. Madeleine Sweeny Miller, Miss Dora N. Abbott, and Miss Mary L. Stover have also made valuable contributions. Other acknowledgments are made elsewhere.

JAY S. STOWELL.

New York City, August 15, 1919.



I

AFRICA

A MAP TALK ON AFRICA

Suggestions: A map of Africa carefully prepared by a member of the department should be used in connection with this talk. The various political divisions of Africa should be indicated on the map. Draw out by questions from the group as many facts about Africa as possible.

AFRICA is three times as large as Europe. It is as far around the coast of Africa as it is around the world.

Africa has 40,000 miles of river and lake navigation. There are more than 25,000 miles of railroad in Africa.

The population of Africa is 130,000,000.

Abyssinia and Liberia are the only native ruled countries of Africa.

During the last fifty years nine tenths of Africa has been claimed and ruled by European countries.

The Cape-to-Cairo Railroad, soon to be completed, will bring the southern tip of Africa within ten days of London and Paris by railroad.

Africa contains ninety per cent. of the world's diamonds, and she provides uncounted millions in rubber, ivory, nuts, oil, copper, gold, and many other products.

Livingstone, the first explorer of Central Africa, has been dead less than fifty years.

North Africa, with a population of 40,000,000, is Mohammedan.

Southern Africa, with a population of 10,000,000, is largely Christian.

There are 80,000,000 people between North and South Africa who are largely pagan. At present Mohammedan emissaries are winning the pagans of Central Africa to Mohammedanism three times as fast as Christian missionaries are winning them to Christianity.

There are 543 distinct languages and 300 dialects in Africa. The Bible, or portions of it, has been printed in 100 African languages.

The boys and girls of Africa need churches and schools where they will be taught, not only the story of Jesus Christ, but also how to work, how to build houses, and how to establish genuine Christian homes and a Christian civilization.

HEALTH IN AFRICA

The following demonstration, arranged by Dora N. Abbott, is adapted from *World Outlook*, December, 1917.

Two young men take the parts of the missionary and his friend. They are seated at a table visiting, the missionary displaying some pictures from Africa. The friend has just been rejected for military service because he was not physically fit.

Friend (looking at a picture of a black man): Poor duffer! At least he doesn't belong to a race of physical degenerates like me! That is what the morning papers called us who had been rejected from the army. What a jolly time this fellow must have! Life just one long camping party! His summer vacation never ends! At least your ebony sinners don't belong to a race of physical degenerates!

Missionary: That's exactly what they do.

Friend: But aren't they healthier than we are?

Missionary: Of course not! Health, like most things, is a product of civilization. In the first place, most Africans I know are undernourished.

Friend: But all your African has to do when he is hungry is to go out and kill a beast.

Missionary: That's easier said than done. Even Roosevelt did not find that so easy. Most of the black men of my country—the Kongo—eat beasts that disease or the tsetse fly has saved them the trouble of killing.

Friend: Do you mean to say that they eat animals that have just died a natural death?

Missionary: They haven't just died. They usually died some time ago. Besides nothing ever dies a natural death in Africa. Dying a natural death is another of the advantages of civilization. When one of my mules is killed by the tsetse fly I have to assert my property rights very sternly. They will dig it up at night and gorge themselves sick if I do not watch out. They think it very selfish of me to keep all that good meat for myself.

Friend: But don't they eat anything else?

Missionary: Well, there is the sour mush, that's their staple. It is a dark-brown, gummy stuff.

Friend: It must be worse than that corn meal that Hoover persuaded my wife to palm off on me.

Missionary: If your wife had let the corn meal soak in a dirty pool of water until it had nearly fallen to pieces and decayed and then had pounded it in a stone mortar, mixing in plenty of dirt and grit in the process, you might have something like it.

Friend: But at least they have enough to eat, such as it is.

Missionary: That depends! Over in Angola they are always starving. A carrier sent with your food will eat up his load on the way in sheer desperation. It's not because the country is not fertile either; it's just because they don't know enough to provide in a wet season for the needs of the dry. That is why every missionary in Central Africa has to be a good farmer. He goes around repeating the miracle of the loaves and fishes by teaching people how to raise food; how to preserve it, how to cook it and eat it. Even these

elementary lessons are products of civilization as much as reading and writing.

Friend: But isn't the African healthy otherwise, with his outdoor life and all?

Missionary: Living out of doors is another art that one learns in a civilized state. The African's existence is not like a summer vacation in the Adirondacks. He gets pneumonia from walking in the cold dew and malaria from sleeping in swamps. Not knowing the cause, he blames the spirits. So he calls in the witch doctor who is warranted to kill anyone. The witch doctor makes him go through all sorts of violent and disgusting exercises to drive away the bad spirits. Generally, this ends by some one being tried for witchcraft. The one they suspect has to drink poison to prove he is not guilty, and usually ends by dying along with his supposed victim. Without a knowledge of medicine or sanitation, what can you expect but disease? The African suffers from all sorts of horrible diseases that are now practically unknown in civilized countries—leprosy for example.

Friend: But his social life is not artificial like ours. Think of our balls and late dinners!

Missionary: Our balls and late dinners, bad as some of them are, are mild compared with an African party. Doctor Stauffacher in Inhambane told me that most of his patients were people who had been stabbed when drunk, or who had diseases caused by an impure life. No! No! Don't let anyone fool you about the life of "the natural man." It is a stupid, unclean, and violent life from start to finish. That is the reason

the missionary must be not only a good farmer but a doctor. All missionaries are doctors at times. They have to repeat the other great miracle of the New Testament—the miracle of healing.

(After a pause.)

Friend: You are married now?

Missionary: My wife and little girl are buried on the banks of the Kongo. It is not a healthful country, you know.

Friend: It is too bad that you ever decided to become a missionary to such a country.

Missionary: No, it is not too bad, for Africa is worth saving, and some one must sacrifice that those who to-day are living in darkness and degradation may have a fair chance at the good things of life.

Hymn: announced and sung at once—"We've a Story to Tell to the Nations."

A PALAVER ABOUT TWO AFRICAN HEROES

Suggestions: This exercise is arranged from program material prepared by Augusta Walden Comstock. A "palaver" is the African name for "big talk." The various parts of this talk should be given out to different pupils and learned in advance. If this is not possible, the parts may be read from slips of paper. Keep a duplicate of each part so that if a pupil is absent his part may be given to someone else. The pupils may remain in their regular seats during the "palaver," but in most cases the effect will be more satisfactory if the participants sit in a group on the platform, either on chairs or on the floor, as the African native sits. Each participant will know when he is to speak and will take part without announcement.

Any African curios or products which can be assembled may be displayed on a table.

On the blackboard draw an outline map of the United States and to the east of it, one of Africa. With chalk make rays of white light radiating from the town in which you live across the ocean to Africa. Underneath print the words, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light."

A PALAVER ABOUT A MAN WHO KEPT HIS WORD

1. WHEN he was a very little boy David Livingstone loved to hear the stories of how Jesus went about preaching and healing, and he determined to become a medical missionary. He used to say: "God had only one Son, and he was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation of him I am, or ever hope to be. In his service I hope to live and in it I wish to die."

2. He graduated as a doctor and went to Africa. He began his work in a place which was a favorite

haunt of lions. The natives were very much afraid of them and did not dare go about the necessary camp work. Livingstone knew that if one lion was killed the others would be frightened away. The beast was finally killed, but in the struggle the missionary nearly lost his life and received a terrible wound in the arm. When his arm healed Livingstone set about building the mission house and making a garden.

3. The Africans learned to love Livingstone very much. He was always polite to them, and was so full of fun that someone said, "He laughed from head to heel."

4. Livingstone wanted to undertake an unusually difficult journey. He promised that he would bring all the natives who went with him safely back to their homes. Sick and hungry and miserable from some thirty attacks of fever, his party finally reached Loanda. There Livingstone had a chance to return to England.

5. There was every reason why he should go to England. He had been thirteen years in Africa and was almost a skeleton. His dear ones were in England. But for the sake of his promise to these black men he put away the temptation and, after several months of weary marching, brought every man safely back to the place from which they all had started two years before.

6. Once Livingstone was not heard from in a long time. The New York Herald selected a young man whose name was Henry M. Stanley and said, "Take what you want but find Livingstone." After a long search he found Livingstone. Stanley was a careless

newspaper reporter, fond of adventure, and caring nothing for Jesus or Christians. After staying four months with Livingstone he was so impressed with Livingstone's beautiful life that he became a true, humble Christian.

7. After Stanley left him Livingstone never saw a white man again. One morning his servants found him dead, kneeling in prayer by his bedside. They cut out his heart and buried it in the land for which he gave his life, and made a mummy of his body. Then these loyal followers safely carried the body of their beloved friend and teacher more than a thousand miles to the sea. It was taken by steamer to England, and to-day the body of this splendid hero lies with others of earth's great ones in Westminster Abbey.

A PALAVER ABOUT A YOUNG GARDENER AND A ROBBER CHIEF

1. Robert Moffat was a gardener when, at sixteen years of age, he became a Christian. Soon after he made up his mind to be a missionary. When he was only twenty-one he sailed from the Scotland he loved for Africa. He was to go to that part of it where lived the fierce robber chief, Africaneer—a terror and an outlaw.

2. After he arrived in Africa his plan of going to Africaneer was ridiculed. He was told that he would be made a target, and that Africaneer would use his skull for a drinking cup and his skin for a drum head.

3. The journey to Africaneer's country was very difficult and dangerous. One day Mr. Moffat had just

emptied his gun by shooting at an antelope when he saw a spotted tiger, lashing his tail like a cat, about to spring upon him from a tree. Keeping his eye on the tiger, Mr. Moffat backed away, carefully reloading his gun. As he was doing so he stepped upon a large cobra, asleep in the grass. The cobra is one of the deadliest snakes in the world, you know.

4. The cobra coiled quickly around his leg, but Mr. Moffat shot it before it could strike him. When the men examined the snake's bags of poison they told Mr. Moffat that if it had struck him with its fangs he never would have lived to reach the wagon, which was only a short distance away.

5. Finally Moffat reached Africaneer, who received him coldly but did not harm him. After a while a change came over Africaneer. He would sit for hours studying his Testament and asking questions. Finally, to Mr. Moffat's joy, Africaneer became a Christian and a great help to him in his work.

6. Does it pay? Would it have been better if all these splendid heroes had left Africa to its sin, degradation, ignorance, and darkness? If it does pay, then shall the lives of these great men influence us to share in this great work of helping Jesus Christ to be known in all parts of Africa?

SERMON BY PASTOR WATCH ON ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA

Suggestions: The following is a sermon which is in all its essential parts a reproduction of an actual sermon preached by a native pastor in Africa. It should be learned by someone who can give it well, and presented as a declamation. It will help the group to understand just how the native pastor goes at his work. The school should bear in mind that while some of the phrases may seem amusing, this is a perfectly serious presentation with no attempt at the humorous. It should be presented by someone who will avoid all suggestion of the grotesque.

“MR. ANANIAS and Mrs. Sapphira belonged to the church on the outside, but they belonged to the devil on the inside. They said, ‘Let us be good Christians on the outside, but we need not sell all our property and give it to the church. We will keep some of the pennies in a dark place where no one will see.’ So they went to church morning and evening and saw all the people giving everything they had. They too sang, prayed, talked, recited verses, did everything they saw everyone else doing; and when they put the pennies in they told Peter they had put in everything they had. But they had not done so. Then they went home and they got their pennies out of the hole where they had hid them, and they went down to the Arab store and they got a box of sardines, and they got a candle, and a soap box. When they went home they swept the floor clean and they set down the soap box. Ananias sat on it awhile and enjoyed it, and Sapphira sat on it

awhile and enjoyed it. They got an ax and opened the box of sardines, lighted the candle, and in the light of the candle they had a grand old gorge. They were so fat and so full. And they thought nobody saw them. Next day Ananias went to church, sang, prayed, talked, and recited verses as usual, and went through the meeting all right. But as they were going away Peter stood before them shaking hands with everybody, and he said to Ananias: 'Why did you lie? You did not lie to the church, you did not lie to man. You lied to the Holy Spirit.' Peter said nothing else. Suddenly Ananias began to shake with a great shaking. He fell down on the ground. His breath went out as the fire goes out. He was dead. They wound him up in a bark blanket. They got their hoes. They carried him out, and they dug for him and buried him. Mrs. Sapphira did not go to church that morning. She went out to the garden to dig, and inside she was laughing at the good things they had had to eat. She thought she would go to the meeting in the afternoon. She went, and before she sat down, Peter stood before her and said to her, 'Why have you joined together and lied to the Holy Spirit?' She did not say a word. She trembled, shook, fell down, and the same young men who had just buried Ananias came along, rolled her up in a bark blanket, carried her away, and dug for her. Now, my people, you see that it is not good to bear false witness. You see you are not alone. Some One sees, and the Maker knows all his children. Even if you light your candle, he can see you. It is better to walk with Peter than with Ananias."

HATA (WE ARE COMING) OR, THE MISSIONARY'S ANSWER TO THE NATIVE CHIEF

Suggestions: No costumes are required: The leader may explain what the different people represent before the demonstration begins. The details of this demonstration are suggested by Dr. E. H. Richards.

[*Scene:* A missionary with an evening school gathered about him, and a blackboard for use, is placing examples upon the board and teaching the natives how to add and subtract simple numbers. This may be prolonged for several minutes, including questions by class members concerning Christianity; suddenly there appears a runner from Chief Kobeni, seventy-five miles away. This runner interrupts the teacher, saying:]

Runner: O White Man, I have come. Our chief sends me. I am no man. I am the voice of the chief. Send teacher to Kobeni now. Our people are many. We are better than these dogs (with gesture of depreciation for the members of the arithmetic class). We can whip them. We are many. We have chased them many moons. Teach us, O White Man. We are better than they. Send us teachers. We will give you a house. We will give you land. We feed you. We better than they. Come teach us. We want know everything white man knows.

Missionary: Who is Kobeni? How big is the land, and how many people?

Runner: Kobeni only great chief. None like him. much land. Man cannot walk over his lands in days. It takes moons. It takes rains. Our people are

many [raises his voice] m-a-n-y! O White Man, they cannot be counted. They are like bees—they are like mosquitoes. They cannot be counted.

Missionary: Go home, O King, and come when the rains are over. We talk again. There is no missionary; there is no teacher. We cannot help you this year. We will write our friends at home. We will try to get you a teacher to come next year.

[The missionary returns to teaching his class. The messenger sadly departs, but before the man is out of sight, a second messenger comes. He makes the same request, and the missionary gives the same answer. The third messenger comes: there is the same story, the same request, and the same answer, "We are coming. We are coming. We are coming."]

Leader: We have tried this morning to present before you in graphic form an actual incident in the life of an African missionary. One of the very hard things in the life of a missionary is the fact that he must live continually in the presence of great needs, to which he cannot minister, and to listen to pleading calls to which he cannot respond. There are vast stretches of Africa and multitudes of tribes which have never had the ministry of a missionary, and where the name of Jesus Christ has never been heard.

FIRST CHRISTIAN INTERVIEW WITH KING UMZILA, KING OF GAZALAND

Suggestions: "Umzila" means "cow's tail." Umzila is king of a territory in Africa the size of Ohio, and he has an army of 60,000 men. Umzila is a man of forty, straight as an arrow, alert, sharp, quick. This demonstration grows out of the experience of Dr. E. H. Richards.

[*Scene:* Umzila enters followed by two boys and two adult attendants, all dressed in dark sweaters. They come in and take their places on the floor. After a pause the missionary enters and salutes by raising the right hand at the side to the level of the chin with palm forward. The king returns the salute. The missionary spreads his blanket on the ground.]

Missionary: Sit on my blanket, O King.

King: No, White Man, the ground is accustomed to me. Let the white man sit on the roll. The roll is accustomed to him. [The missionary sits down on the ground and begins his conversation:]

Missionary: O King, our people have sent us from a very long way, far beyond the land of the English, to tell you of a medicine which will cause you to live forever.

[The Chief eagerly looks for the medicine. The missionary hands him a bundle of handkerchiefs and a suit of clothes. The king immediately puts on the coat. He looks about and admires himself. He has never had a coat on before. The missionary gives the king a cornet horn. The king looks at it, and after a moment passes it by. He is not greatly interested in it. The missionary then gives the king an umbrella.]

The king is very much interested, and the missionary shows him how to use the umbrella. The missionary then pulls out a much worn Testament, and says:]

Missionary: O King, here is the medicine which will make you live forever. [The king is very much interested in the book, and seizes it in both hands.]

King: Utini, utini! This is the medicine. [He dances about with joy. The chief is so delighted that he orders a boy to bring in four head of cattle, and another to bring three tusks of ivory for the white man. The boys go out. The white man now rises, and the king and the missionary look into each other's faces.]

King: White Man, will the medicine make me live?

Missionary: Yes, O King.

King: Will it save my people?

Missionary: Yes, O King.

King: Will it save my women?

Missionary: Yes, O King.

King: If that is true, why have you never come to tell us before, O White Man?

Missionary: This medicine will show you how to do right, how to act unselfishly, and how to do very many hard things, for the way which leadeth unto life is not an easy way, and I must come back to tell you many, many things about it before you will be able to follow in the path. Would you like to have me come?

King: O, come to-morrow and every day until I learn all about this wonderful medicine!

[In the meantime the king has taken the book and has put a string through it and hung it about his neck

for his medicine. All pass from the stage. As the participants disappear from the stage the leader explains that this is to all intents and purposes an accurate presentation of the first meeting of a missionary with this famous native chief, and he may supplement his statement with some up-to-date facts about the status of missionary work in Africa.]

TRANSLATING THE BIBLE IN AFRICA

Suggestions: The following demonstration suggested by Dr. E. H. Richards, may be elaborated and modified in a variety of ways. Further information may be secured from *The Romance of Bible Translation*, page 65. The natives may wear dark sweaters, if desired, without coats, but they should not darken their faces. The participants should be encouraged to extend the discussion of perplexing passages which they have themselves discovered.

A MISSIONARY is sitting at a table covered with books and manuscripts. The missionary's wife and two native assistants are close by. There are also two or three other natives. The woman reads part of a verse. The missionary reads the same from the manuscript which has been prepared, and the natives listen carefully to see if the native rendering and English are the same. The three men are appealed to in order to see if they understand what is being said, repeating the same once or twice.

The lady reads, "Go tell that fox" (Luke 13. 32). The missionary asks the native, "What is the word for 'fox'?"

The native replies, "O teacher, we are poor country. We are all out of foxes."

The teacher says, "Is there anything like a fox?"

The native answers, "What is a fox?"

The missionary then describes a fox as a small animal which cannot climb a tree, which steals chickens, and is very cunning and sly.

The native then says, "O White Man, we have no

animal like this. We have jackal, which is mean, steal chickens but comes at night only, and jackal cannot climb trees. Please, White Man, will not jackal do?"

So jackal is inserted in the place of fox. The verse then reads, "Go tell that jackal."

The missionary now turns to another passage in Revelation, which speaks of a bear (Rev. 13. 2) and says, "We have a passage here which we never could straighten out. It speaks of a bear. What word shall we use?"

The native replies, "No, White Man, we have not bear."

Then the missionary says to his wife, "Suppose we use the Greek word here and call it 'arkto.'"

One of the natives then says, "I do not know if he has teeth or claws. I do not know if he has hair or wool, but he is in the Bible, and it is all right."

The discussion of other cases will continue for several minutes. The leader in charge of the demonstration will then explain something of the difficulty which missionaries encounter in translating the Bible into new languages. It is not only the matter of finding substitutes for the names of animals which the natives have never seen, but there are many of the finer spiritual truths which it is equally difficult to find words to describe. Or, take the simple reference to snow and frost in a land which has never had a freezing temperature. One actual translation makes the phrase, "White as snow," read "White as rain." In spite of difficulties, however, the Bible now appears in whole or in part in more than five hundred languages.

DOCTOR HARTLEY

Suggestions: The following material, adapted by Dora N. Abbott from World Outlook, December, 1917, should be presented as a monologue. The characters necessary are Doctor Hartley and a person who stands hidden and represents the voice of his dead wife. Before the presentation the superintendent should give the following synopsis:

Synopsis: Fred Hartley and wife ten years before came to Africa, where she died. She is buried beside the hospital which he has built. Their son has been sent to England to be educated. Dr. Hartley has made valuable medical discoveries which he has described in an English medical journal. The mail which he has just received brings news of his appointment to a professorship in England and he desires to go back and take it.

[*Scene:* An African shack.]

Dr. Hartley: Smells like a breath from a sewer! Hot enough for a stoker's gangway on a steamer! The very air tastes hot! [He notices the mail on the table. Tearing open a letter]—Ah! From my boy! He is well and learning. [Tears open the paper and scans the table of contents] Here it is! [Reading] "Nothing so important has been printed in this journal for years. It has attracted great attention." [Opening another letter, he reads] "Dear Fred—You must have known what a quake your article would cause. I have just come from the Medical Club. They are all talking of what you have proved. I stand uncovered. In that modest way of yours you mentioned that your scribbling represents ten years of research. By all that's great, old chap, you must know that if you had given

ten times ten years the result would more than pay! I shall wait—yes, wait with such impatience to see you. We will sit in the club—you know the corner sacred to our confabulations. You shall tell me about the hospital under the southern cross and, well—I shall listen. There are laurels around that black head of yours. By the way, old man, of course you will accept, that goes without saying. But that is not the reason why they want you. You must have known you could not hide your light under a thatched roof. The salary is ample. Think of coming back to our splendid London college; and ‘Professor Frederick Hartley’ has a neat ring to it, don’t you think? Congratulations! If the mail that has brought this has brought you the far more important letter, you understand; if not, I’ll tell you that you were elected at a special meeting of the board. Let it not be more than time necessary to pack your grip, thrash out the jungle, and brave the submarines.” [Leaning back in deep thought] Ten years—and you, my dearest one, buried far from England, where your life might have been spared me. [Opening the next letter] England! Home! London! the club! The Strand at night! The lights! I must wait until some one can be sent out to take my place. I have just asked for an assistant. How can I wait? [The fourth letter drops out as he picks up a paper. He reads] “Thousands of doctors are going to the front. To grant your request is absolutely impossible, and will be until the end of the war. We have done our best to obtain even an inexperienced man, but without result. Until the end of this terrible

struggle you must get along with the two natives you have trained." [Speaking to himself] I must go! I will leave my native helpers in charge and find a man in London myself. No one can expect me to be in exile longer. Ten years is enough. [He writes a letter to his friend] "Dear Pal: Thanks for your kind letter. I am leaving soon and will arrive in London about Christmas time. I must go over to the hospital now." [He goes over to the hospital and examines a patient] This operation can't be done for a week. I will have to wait that long, anyhow. [Returning he hears a voice and pauses. The voice speaks]

"Dear, this would be your first desertion. It would be impossible to get anyone to take your place. No honors—nothing would give you peace. There is but one thing you can do, and strength will be given you to do it."

[Speaking to himself] A touch of fever. There was no voice. [Coming back to the office, he rereads the letter, as he says] O God! I pray that I may be allowed to accept. I must take a look at that poor man who was brought to the hospital to-day. [As he comes opposite his wife's grave, he speaks] "Dearest, I do not know whether you spoke to me, but I have made my decision. My place is here. [Goes back and tears up the letter accepting the professorship and adds this to his friend's letter] "I will write more fully later, but have decided not to accept the offer and will remain in Africa." [Facing his wife's grave and standing at attention] From our Captain I have received my orders, dearest, and I follow them.

II

ALASKA

A MAP TALK ON ALASKA

Suggestions: This map talk may be presented by the leader of the department, or by some individual appointed by the leader. A map of Alaska is essential. If a map is not already available, one may be prepared in advance by a member of the school, either on a large sheet of paper or on the black-board. The most effective map would probably be a map of Alaska superimposed upon an outline map of the United States. The speaker may present the various facts himself, or he may draw many of them out by questions addressed to the group. The following facts are all particularly interesting, and will form the basis for the talk:

ALASKA derives its name from an English corruption of the native word "Al-ay-ek-sa," probably meaning "the great land," or "mainland."

The Russians visited Alaska as early as 1741, and thus acquired and later established a claim to Alaska.

In March, 1867, Alaska was purchased from Russia by the United States for the sum of \$7,200,000 in gold.

At that time there were many protests against the purchase, and the land was called "Seward's Folly," and later it came to be known as "Uncle Sam's Ice-box."

We have come to see that Alaska is in reality "Seward's Wisdom," or, as President Wilson phrased it, "the treasure-house of the nation."

The discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1896 drew a large crowd of settlers.

Alaska is about one fifth as large as the United States, but the islands extending westward and the narrow strip extending to the southeast give it an east and west stretch as great as from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean in the latitude of Los Angeles. The northernmost point of Alaska is practically as far from the southernmost point as is our Mexican border from the Canadian border.

The Yukon River flowing across Alaska is one of the large rivers of North America, being fifth in size.

Alaska has all sorts of climate. In some places the ground is frozen to a depth of over three hundred feet. In other places the temperature rarely or never goes as low as zero.

The population of Alaska, according to the last census, is approximately 65,000, 36,000 of whom are white.

Up to the end of 1915 Alaska had produced \$300,000,000 worth of mineral products. This is rather a large return on an original investment of \$7,200,000.

Thousands of acres of good farm land are available in Alaska. Even in regions where the ground thaws only eighteen to twenty-four inches, good crops are raised. Grains, vegetables, and fruit are raised in considerable abundance in various sections.

In 1911 thirty tons of potatoes were grown on seven acres in the Tanana Valley.

There are large stretches of grazing land, and cattle

are already being raised in Alaska in considerable numbers.

In 1914 the fisheries of Alaska alone produced \$21,242,975 worth of food.

According to a census, there were in 1914, 294,687 fur-bearing seals on the Probilof Islands.

The forests of Alaska contain billions of feet of good lumber.

Most of the land of Alaska is still unappropriated, and any person qualified to make entry in the United States can secure a tract upon application.

There are 466 miles of railroad in Alaska, and wagon roads and trails are being constructed.

The Siberian reindeer were introduced into Alaska in 1892. In 1914 there were in Alaska nearly 58,000 reindeer, largely owned by the natives. They are valuable both for food and clothing.

As a whole the climate of Alaska is healthful, but among the natives, who live under most unsanitary conditions, tuberculosis, measles, eye diseases, small-pox, and other diseases are common.

The churches have done some good work in Alaska, but there are still thousands of square miles of territory in which no minister is to be found.

The vast undeveloped natural resources of Alaska promise a much larger population in the future, and one of the tasks confronting the Christian Church in America is to help this new country establish thoroughly Christian institutions. Like every frontier State, it needs outside help, and we are the ones to help.

III

AMERICANIZATION

THE WEALTH OF THE NATIONS

Suggestions: This exercise is arranged by Madeleine Sweeny Miller. Characters needed: Six or more Senior girls; one First Year Intermediate boy.

Hymn: "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

[During singing of last verse, the Intermediate boy, dressed as an immigrant with bandana handkerchief around neck, and felt hat, comes to platform, sits down on stool and meditates, head on hand.]

Scripture: By missionary superintendent or school in concert: "And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee. . . . Thy gates also shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles. . . . And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vine-dressers" (Isaiah 60. 10, 11; 61. 5). [After Scripture, a class of girls files unannounced to platform.]

First Girl [touching lad on shoulder]:

"Genoese boy of the level brow,

Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes,

Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now

In the first sweet shock of hushed surprise,

"Within your far rapt seer's eyes

I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,

When a world began from the waves to rise.

O, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams

Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed heaven out of hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of different birth?"

Boy: "I'm only a dago and scum o' the earth."

Second Girl: But you mustn't feel that way. Everyone doesn't call you a "dago."

Boy: Then why do they try to get so far from me in the car and look at me so cold on the street? Why do your mothers never come to see my mother? She likes pretty clothes, same as yours, only she never buys any for herself. Us 'leven kids gets them all. Some people say us Italians love 'Merica just for money to take back to Italy. Us love 'Merica same like you. My two brothers' blood ran in same trench as your brothers'. Us 'Mericans, not dagoes.

Third Girl: Yes, that's right. Even if you Italians and all the rest of our newcomers should go back home and take *all* your earnings with you, you would still leave us great wealth.

Fourth Girl: You couldn't take away the work you did on the Hudson River tunnel, the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the great irrigation systems of the West.

Fifth Girl: Why, if it were not for our new Americans, probably none of us would have a coat to wear this morning, for they make nineteen twentieths of our country's clothing.

Sixth Girl: And we might have come to Sunday School barefooted, for they turn out four fifths of our leather supply.

First Girl: And every boy in this room would appear without a collar and gloves.

Second Girl: Perhaps some of us would be standing, instead of sitting, for immigrant hands make four fifths of our country's furniture.

Third Girl: Just think, only one in twenty of us might have had sugar on our cereal for breakfast, for nineteen twentieths of our sugar is refined by our foreign friends.

Fourth Girl: When you come to think of it, even our vegetables have immigrants among them; the onion originated in Egypt, and oats in Africa; barley was first known in Sardinia, and the radish in China and Japan; the quince came from Crete, and spinach from Arabia.

[The boy, catching the gist of the appreciative conversation, pulls a Lincoln penny from his pocket and says, proudly:]

Boy: You see this penny? A man came out of Russia to make this Lincoln-face. You know why he put it there? So all of us common people could look

at the face of our great 'Merican President that loved poor peoples just like us.

First Girl: Where do you go to Sunday School?

Boy: I don't go nowhere. In the old country I go to a big church. We come to this free country, we not have to go to church. Lots my people not go to church; they not like old church; nobody ask them to come 'Merican church.

Second Girl [to others]: That's only too true, girls. Think what happens to the foreigner when he lands at Ellis Island. After his elaborate examination he is tired and bewildered. Perhaps a man speaking his own tongue comes along, offers to take him to an "immigrant home" in the foreign district. The chances are that the newcomer goes with him, settles down, reads a foreign newspaper; and has little chance of seeing the best America has to offer in new opportunities and liberties. By and by he forgets that he came seeking escape from the burdens of the old land; he remembers the pleasant open stretches of country and longs to be there. Before long, he finds himself more attached to his old home than the new one, with all its congested disadvantages close at hand.

Third Girl: Think how different it would be if we could increase the number of our church's representatives at Ellis Island so that they could meet most of the foreigners after they are admitted, take them to some great institutional church for a good meal, advise them to go inland to the ample farm land, assist them in securing tickets, and then turn them over to another set of Christian workers at their point of destination,

who would introduce them to a Church of All Nations, with its manifold opportunities.

Fourth Girl [to boy]: Yes, do you know that we have churches where your mother can attend a sewing club and work with other ladies; where you can play basket ball in a great, light gymnasium; and where you can take your little brother to see movies for a cent—pictures showing the beauties of our great country and many other interesting things?

Fifth Girl: Wouldn't this be better than playing in the alleys of the city, rummaging in refuse cans for cigarettes and withered flowers, or getting arrested for stealing candy from the back door of a Greek candy kitchen?

Boy: You make church like that just for us people? I never seen a church like that. [His face brightens.]

First Girl: Yes, all because we realize that we owe so much to you Italians and Slavs, Magyars, Croats, and all the other folks who have come among us. We owe it to you, not simply because of the wealth of fresh blood, substantial work, and new ideas you have brought us, but because we are all children of one Father—God.

Sixth Girl [to boy]:

“Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget and forgive that we did you wrong,
Help us to father a nation strong

In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.”

[All with school sing two verses of “America.”]

THE COURT OF ALL NATIONS

Suggestions: This demonstration is contributed by Madeleine Sweeny Miller. Characters needed: Judge, Clerk, a Russian and his witness; a Serb and his witness; a Turk, and Mary, his daughter, a child of 12.

Hymn: "America."

Scripture Reading [Selected and rendered by an Intermediate girls' class].

Missionary Superintendent. This morning we are to witness a session of a naturalization court and learn from the cross-questioning of the Judge some of the reasons why those applying for citizenship are not given their papers. As the various individuals are rejected let us all try to think of means which the churches of Christ in America can use to encourage aliens to become citizens. The Judge will now take the bench.

[A Senior boy takes his seat in a large chair at table on platform. Accompanying him, with large book and Bible, is the Clerk. A crowd of applicants and a witness for each enter at left of platform.]

Judge [summoning before him a bearded, grizzly Russian of large proportion, wearing slouch hat and red tie]: You're a Russian, I believe [as he looks over papers]. Do you believe in democracy as a form of government?

Russian [trembling on his feet and holding to table for support]: Yis.

Judge: You seem nervous. Perhaps you had better

sit down. [Russian sits.] Do you believe in the efficacy of our judicial system?

Russian: Yis.

Judge: Do you believe in polygamy or anarchy?

Russian: Yis.

[The whole court-room laughs, except Judge. Russian looks crushed.]

Judge: I guess you do not understand my question. Where do you work?

Russian: Liberty Steel Company.

Judge: Did they send you to the Y. M. C. A. Americanization Class?

[The Russian jabbars something unintelligible. His witness intervenes.]

Witness: This fellow works fourteen hours a day, your Honor. He can't go to school, but he makes lots of money and is a good fellow.

Judge: He should not be so greedy for overtime pay. More school and less work is what he needs. [To applicant himself.] Get a book, study up, and return in three months.

Russian [rising and growling threateningly]: All right, you fell'—You no see me 'gain. Too hard! [He stalks out.]

Judge [to witness]: Did he say that he would not come back? You had better go out and get hold of him and I'll try to see that his company makes it possible for him to attend night school either in their own plant or at a neighboring church or the Y. M. C. A. Next.

[Witness for Russian exits, right, as a sturdy Serb

risers, with witness. The Judge reads his credentials.]

Judge: Let me see—you've been here before, haven't you? Aren't you the fellow who wanted to be naturalized so that you could own a dog? I'd like to make you a citizen this time. What do we mean by a circuit court?

Serb: Mens ride 'round on horses.

Judge [ignoring tittering of crowd]: How old must a man be before he can vote?

Serb: Twenty year old, with consent of parents.

Judge: How many houses have we in Congress?

Serb: Lots houses—Democrat House, Soviet House, 'Publican House [beaming confidently].

Judge [impatiently]: Take this fellow out. He hasn't studied since he was here before.

Witness: Please, your Honor, this man is rattled. He answered all these questions correctly for me, coming up on the train. He has already lost several days' work, coming here with the expense of witnesses, to file the various documents and to be examined.

Judge: I can't accept him until he gives better proof of his intelligence, but I'll do what I can to see that his company pays their men while attending Naturalization Court. That's only good business. Next.

[Exit Serb and Witness. A Turk of about fifty answers the summons accompanied by his twelve-year-old daughter, Mary.]

Judge [looking over papers]: I see that you are a property owner, a Turk from Bosnia. You speak

English fairly well. Do you read or write in any language?

Turk [pointing to Mary]: My girl, she read, she write for me, she go to school.

Judge [to Mary]: Where do you live?

Mary: Franklin, Cambria County, Pennsylvania.

Judge: Is your mother a Turk too?

Mary: No Turkish woman come to this country. She's Serbian. She has a boarding house for ten Turks.

Judge: Are there many Turks in Franklin?

Mary: Maybe two hundred.

Judge: Do they have a church, a mosque, facing Mecca?

Mary: No church, just a pool room; the priest's brother, Omar, he makes the pool room.

Judge: O, you have a Mohammedan priest there? [Mary nods, "Yes."]

Judge: What does he do for you people?

Mary: He works all day in Coke Plant, same like other men. When a man catch a woman, Omar puts on his fez and black coat, and reads out of a book. The Turks all would pay if you make them a mosque. They not know how to get one. Everybody else have churches.

Judge: Why can't they go to some other church?

Mary: There is no church in Franklin—none at all. And I hear some man say we have four hundred Slavs, two hundred Turks, one thousand and two hundred white 'Mericans, two hundred black 'Mericans.

Judge: Is this possible?

Turk: Yis, no mosque, no church, no movie. You make us mosque?

Judge: No, I couldn't get you a Mohammedan mosque, but I believe that some strong church or a group of several Protestant churches can be persuaded to build you a church where all the various nationalities in Franklin worship at different times, as they please.

Turk [pointing to bulging money-belt]: Good! Us catch lots money—us pay.

Judge [placing hand on Mary's head]: What chance have you, little girl, in a Turkish boarding house, among Moslems, whose only gathering place is a pool room?

[Exit Turk, Mary, Judge, and all, as missionary superintendent comes quickly to platform and asks the school to stand, while she prays.]

Prayer: God, bless this village where no church spires rise to mingle with the smoke stacks; and there on Sunday mornings, no Sunday schools summon the boys and girls to learn of their Saviour, Jesus Christ. Rouse us, O God! Keep us awake at night, until we provide some means of telling them the story which will shield them from surrounding sins, and which will make them a blessing, not a menace, to the community. We dare not call our land "Fair America" while such shameful wrongs remain unrighted. God, give us zeal to meet the challenge of this hour! In Jesus's name. Amen.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF

Suggestions: This demonstration is contributed by Madeleine Sweeny Miller. Characters needed, in addition to Missionary Superintendent: the President and the Secretary of an Intermediate Boys' class, three other class members, and a woman teacher. All are on the platform when session opens.

Hymn [announced by missionary superintendent]:
"O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee."

Missionary Superintendent: Miss Blank's class of Intermediate boys will present the missionary message to us this morning in graphic form. You are asked to imagine that they are attending a home mission study class, and that their teacher is also secretary of the local home service section of the American Red Cross. [He leaves the platform.]

President: The meeting will please come to order. Let us continue our discussion of the ideals of our new American neighbors, and our influence upon them. What has the secretary to say?

Secretary: I would like to point out one case which shows how some of our foreign-born friends are forming startling notions in our free atmosphere which they carry out in other lands when opportunity permits. Take Paderewski, for example. For thirty years we all thought of him simply as a wizard of the piano. Little did we imagine that under that mop of tawny hair dreams of a new Poland were taking form—a new Poland reuniting the old parts which were parceled out among Austria, Russia, and Ger-

many just about the time the American colonies were linking their destinies together. I can scarcely believe that the man who played his popular Minuet in our town last year is now premier of Poland.

First Member: The Polish people have always dreamed of freedom, and for five centuries bore the brunt of Turkish advances on Europe.

Second Member: Often they have gone to war for the liberty of others, including ourselves.

Third Member: Kosciusko, by the way, was the only one of the great generals who fought for our independence who did not hold slaves.

Secretary: It looks as though we have inherited a good deal from Poland, which makes it seem all the worse that an area as large as Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and Maine has been utterly devastated, with millions of children wailing for bread while the shopkeepers miserably exist in abandoned trenches. Before we entered the war Paderewski was unable to carry out any of his political ideals for Poland, but used every effort to relieve her frightful suffering, raising one hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars by his own concerts and lectures, and securing four million dollars from committees he established in various countries. Then as soon as America joined the Allies he touched all the mysterious buttons of communication he had at his finger-tips, and in a flash organized an army of thirty thousand from the million and a half Poles in this country and trained them at Niagara.

President: But our government would not accept

their services because they wanted as many Poles as were eligible to get into Uncle Sam's big Americanization school when the draft came.

Secretary: And when they plunged into action at Chateau-Thierry under French command, the white eagle of Poland appeared on the battlefield of Europe for the first time in one hundred and forty-five years.

Second Member: It all goes to show that we do not have any idea what is going on in the minds of the new Americans whom we think of as "dumb dagoes" and "greasers."

Third Member: There is Dr. Masaryk too, who spent some time in our midst dreaming dreams of a new Slav nation and then returned to become president of Czecho-Slovakia.

First Member: Yes, and one of our Christian young women has gone at the request of his daughter to make a social survey of Prague.

Second Member: And when we recall that Trotsky himself was once in our midst and attended gatherings at our Church of All Nations in New York, it makes us realize that America is indeed furnishing foreigners with "such stuff as dreams are made of," and that it is strictly up to us church folks to see that the right sort of stuff goes into those dreams.

Teacher [eagerly joining in, for the first time]: If you really mean business, boys, I can take you to a place where you can begin at once to be molders of dreams. Yesterday I visited a Polish home, consisting of two tiny rooms at the rear end of a house occupied by two other families. A service flag and Liberty

Loan posters blazed in the window of the kitchen, which was also dining and living room for the widowed mother and three boys, aged twelve, fourteen, and sixteen. The oldest son is now entering Poland with the very army you have just been talking about.

Boys: Whew! That brings it close, doesn't it?

Teacher: Even after being ten years in this country the mother could not say a sentence to me in English, but the youngest boy, who was helping with the family washing when I went in, attends the Polish school and has half his studies in English and half in Polish, so he quickly translated my questions. He told me that his brother had joined the national army of Paderewski after the armistice was signed, because he had heard some wounded Poles plead for men to take their places. "He wanted to join 'Merican army when the fight was big," Jo explained, "but they wouldn't take him because they thought he was an Austrian, and he wasn't—he was a Pole-American." The mother showed a postal photo of the family's soldier dressed in the new Polish uniform with its strange pointed cap. But the service flag in the window was an American one.

Boys: Say, Miss Blank, what can we do for them?

Teacher: The best piece of direct Americanization work your class can do right now is to take those three fellows some good books full of American ideals. All they have to read is Polish newspapers and Catholic textbooks in the same language. Take them a boys' life of Lincoln, for instance. Later you may find a chance to introduce them to the Bible.

First Member: I move we adjourn and get busy.

All: I second the motion. Come on, fellows.

[They all leave platform, with teacher leading as school sings.]

Song: "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."

Missionary Superintendent: Prayer—O God, our Father, who thyself didst dream of a universe for our dwelling place and didst shape it with thine own hands, help us nobly to dream and to plan for the brothers of many tongues who dwell with us in the world of thy creation. Exchange our selfish monopoly of the land's best interests for a sacrificial sharing of them; for prejudice against our neighbors give us respect, and for aloofness give us sympathetic interest. In the name of Christ who is the Brother of us all. Amen.

TWO BOYS, BUT ONE COUNTRY

Suggestions: On a recent Fourth of July in Madison Square, two boys spoke for America; one was of the lineage of colonial Americans; the other was of the lineage of immigrants. The genius of America is summed up in their two statements. Our future is secure as long as we can hold in balance these two ideals: fidelity to the best of our past and fidelity to our mission to humanity. The men who laid the foundation of this republic were prophets. Nathan Hale's regret was not that he should not live to enjoy freedom, but that he had but one life to give to the making of the promised land. A brief introductory statement may be made by the leader, and the two declarations presented as declamations by two boys.

American Boy: I am an American! My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution; my mother to the Colonial Dames. One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor. Another stood his ground with Warren. Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge. My forefathers were Americans in the making. They spoke in our Council Halls; they died on our battlefields. They commanded her ships; they cleared up her forests. Staunch hearts of my ancestors beat fast as each new star was added to our flag. Keen eyes saw her greater glory, the sweep of her fields, the man hives in her billion-wired cities. Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism. *I am proud of my past.* I am an American!

Immigrant Boy: I am an American! My father was an atom of dust. My mother was a straw in the wind

to his Serene Majesty. One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia. Another was killed defending his home during one of the massacres. The history of my ancestors is one trail of blood to the palace gate of the great White Czar. But then the dream came—the dream of America! In the light of the liberty torch, the atom of dust became a man; the straw in the wind became a woman for the first time. “See,” said my father, pointing to a flag that was fluttering near by, “that flag of stars and stripes is yours. It is the emblem of the promised land. It means, my son, the hope of humanity. Live for it; die for it if need be!” Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so, and every drop of blood in me will keep that vow. *I am proud of my future! I am an American!*

WHY MY PARENTS CAME TO AMERICA

Suggestions: A prize was recently offered to sixth-grade school children for the best essay of the subject, "Why My Parents Came to America." The statements noted below are extracts from three of the essays prepared by these pupils. They may be presented by three of the younger members of the department after a brief explanation by the leader. It is not necessary for each statement to be learned, but that will make the presentation more effective. If the parts are not learned, they can be read. This presentation will help the members of the school to understand something of the psychology of the immigrant who comes to America, and it ought to tend toward the promotion of a sympathetic understanding of these people. The leader may summarize the situation in a word after the essays have been read.

I

"My parents came to America because they had to work for the landlord in Russia. They began at sunrise and finished at sunset. They had to walk a mile and a half on foot. They worked for thirty cents a day Russian money, and fifteen cents United States money. Their work was to load the wagons with manure from the beginning of March to the last days of April, and from June to the last days of July. From the first days of August they had to tie wheat, oats, barley, and other things into bundles and carry them to the wagons. They had to stand in a row with the other people and hand from one to the next the bundles of corn, wheat, and other things until it came to the machine. After that they had to put rye

and wheat in the air machine to have it cleaned. When they came to America they thought they were in heaven and thanked God."

II

"My mother expected to find an easier way of earning her living, for it was quite hard for a young lady to work in the fields, while in America in the shop work was much easier and the wages greater.

"My grandfather came here because of the panic caused by the Franco-Prussian War. After the war the taxes and rents there that had accumulated for three years were presented for payment. My grandfather had relatives here who told him of the conditions of working and earning a living here, so he came over to see if it were true. In the old country the poor folks are suppressed and held down. They have not the chance to improve that they have here. The first thing my grandfather did was earn enough to be able to send some money to his wife to pay her passage over. Then he was happy. He found that this country was all that his friends had pictured it to be. He has become a citizen of the United States and has never been sorry for swearing allegiance to it.

"Four weeks before the war broke out we sailed to America. My father's mother was living in this country, and she wrote that it was such a fine country and that my father could earn \$20 a week here. My father said no man in Hamburg could earn that much. Another reason is because my mother did not want my

father to go to war, then she wouldn't know what would become of her children."

III

"My parents came to America so that their children might obtain a better education. In foreign countries, especially in those parts where my parents lived, it was very hard to obtain an education. Children had to start working when they were very young, and it was hard work they did too; they received hardly anything for their work and were always at the same thing; they never had a chance to learn something better. Here in America children have a better chance to get an education and their parents can afford it because they are paid better wages. My parents have been educating themselves since they came to this country. They go to night schools where they learn English, and while they are at work they learn many useful things. So my parents are not sorry they came to America, and they are ready to stand by her always.

"People in Europe have very little chance for education, and for that reason many of the people coming from Europe are not able to write their names. Here their children have a chance to go to school whether rich or poor."

A LABOR DAY SERVICE

IN PRAISE OF WORKERS

Suggestions: One of the most popular agents in arousing the public mind to an appreciation of the folks who toil for us is the so-called "social" poetry. While some of it has been written from a tiptoe angle looking down with patronage upon the poor workingman, or in prosaic words which gain vigor at the expense of beauty, many poems of this sort contain a challenge stirring enough to turn the searchlight of our sympathy upon people whom we have too often taken for granted. The following exercise is based upon social lyrics from *Songs from the Smoke*,¹ by Madeleine Sweeny Miller.

Song: "Work, for the Night Is Coming."

First Speaker: Let us first see the workers as they pour out through the blackened mill gates at evening, with empty dinner buckets dangling from their tired, big-muscled arms:

Five O'clock

The whistle blows:

The weary workers drop their polished tools
And, leaping from the bondage of their rules,
Snatch from the numbered hooks their dusty caps
And swing their legs unsteadily along.
Their twisted forms and faces gauntly glad
Are glorified,
As from the mill's black gate and office doors
The throng in grim array
Steps out into the sunset light again,
A tarnished host.

¹Order of The Methodist Book Concern.

The whistle blows:

The city's pulse beats fast with tramping feet.

Big traffic deftly weaves its way along,

And all the labyrinthine maze

Of crossing ways

Untangles marvelously:

A thousand movements swing to one sweet rhythm,

Going home.

Second Speaker: It is hard for men to remain sensitive to God's revelations of beauty in nature when they spend most of their time in the rusty sordidness of the thundering mill yards. But harder still is it to retain the spark of radiant spirituality when surrounded by the black materialism of sneering companions. The poem which I am about to recite, "Snuffed Out," shows this truth very clearly.

Snuffed Out

One day a toiler walking home among a crowd of men
At sunset viewed a wondrous sight and called the
Other Ten:

"An artist has been here to-day, since we went in
the mill;

He's made the housetops all aflame, and every window-
sill

Is shining round the burning glass that glows with
brands of fire;

His brush has left a crimson sky and colored every
spire;

The grass is painted brighter green, and every dusty
leaf
That silent hangs upon the tree is sketched in bold
relief."

"Just hear poor Dan, he's raving mad," called out the
Other Ten.

"We'll see him home, he's gone all right; he'll not be
back again."

And then they laughed full hideously, and mocking,
sneered at him,
Till pale he grew, and scarlet turned, then as before,
was grim.

The Other Ten, whose dusty coats encased ten dusty
souls,
Had snuffed the kindling flame of light with jeers and
coarse cajoles.

O busy men of mart and mill, O men of shop and
street,
May never you commit their sin when you some
brother meet
Who, having seen a spark from God, tells forth the
wondrous sight,
But finds the soul snatched from his words, and from
his spark, the light.

Third Speaker: No worker in our land toils as cease-
lessly from dawn until dark as the little foreign
mother. She is pitifully unappreciated. Shut off

from the Americanizing influences which touch her husband at his work, and her children in school, she hovers between her steaming washtub and sizzling stove, and fails to see how America is any improvement for her over Poland or Croatia. The poem which I am about to quote was originally written for the Survey, and later copied elsewhere, for its vein of sympathy with an unsung heroine.

Immigrant Motherhood

Down yonder she sits in the half-open door;
'Tis plain she has never had time to before;
Her first little child sleeping there on her breast,
Poor soul, how she feasts on this banquet of rest.
But all is so strange to her, people don't care,
They just pass her by, with a questioning stare.

How youthful and brave is the firm-molded face—
Still fresh with the blood of her farm dwelling race!
But O, the great pain as she sees in her child
A trait of some kinsman at home in the wild.
For here, all is strange, and these people don't care
How nearly she's starving for those over there.

Too soon she must leave the wee son of her youth
To toil in the shops with the bold and uncouth,
To roll fat cigars or to tie willow plumes
Or stand the day long by the thundering looms,
Where no one is strange and the bosses don't care,
But just pass her by with a growl or a glare.

Yet, courage to you, little Mother of Men,
Some day the whole land will protect you, and then
Your pure young blood will strengthen our race,
Renewing our life, setting hope in our face,
And you'll find it so strange, how all of us care,
Who once passed you by with contempt in our stare.

Fourth Speaker: Many a worker's only sunshine is the love of his boys and girls. "Rain at the Mill" is a photograph in verse of a heartsome little scene which occurred one dreary, steamy day in the shadow of Pittsburgh's mill stacks.

Fog filled with dust,
Rain full of smoke,
Air bearing vapors that stifle and choke;

Odors of must
Drenched with wet steam,
Puffed from the stacks shooting flames of red gleam;
Tricklings of rust,
Leaked through the roof,
Rotting men's garments the warp from the woof.

Then a young face freshly touched by the rain,
Molded in sorrow and sweetened by pain,
Looks shyly in through the wide-open door,
Waiting for father, at work down the floor.
And when he sees her and notes how the boys
Gaze in delight till their staring annoys,
Quickly he goes to the child of his heart,
Hungriily kisses her, bids her depart.

Then walking back with the basket she's brought,
Works with the joy that her coming has wrought;
All is more bright in the mill than before,
When he remembers that smile at the door.

What if the dust,
Odors of must,

Rise from the flames that shoot out their red gleam?
What if the smoke,
Fire-fumes that choke
All afternoon bring their stifling steam?

For he is thinking of home through the rain,
Where a young face at the clear window pane
Watches at evening, as one long before
Watched for the father and smiled at the door.

Fifth Speaker: I wish to recite for you, without comment, a poem which carries a rebuke deserved by most of us at one time or another, but especially at the Christmas season.

The Delivery Boy

I've noticed that no one has bothered to write
The praise of a poor little shivering mite
Like me, in a story or leather-bound book,
To read in the glow of a warm inglenook;
No painter sees art in my wind-blistered cheeks,
Or picturesque poses in me ever seeks;
I'm nothing unusual, nothing sublime,
I'm only worth while when I "get there on time."

I'm never too tired to be sent out at night
At some one's request for fresh thrills of delight;
It may be a dress, or it may be a flower,
Whatever it is, it must come on the hour.

How seldom the voice at the door tells me, "Thanks,"
How rarely one heart from the great human ranks
Inquires of my soul if it be weak or well,
When maybe I'm verging the borders of hell.
For no one has thought me a subject for song,
Or singled me out from the hustling throng;
I'm nothing unusual, nothing sublime,
My gentlest endearment is, "Get here on time."

THE STREAMING HORDES

Suggestions: The following poem, by Ralph Welles Keeler, may be presented as a recitation or reading by a pupil:

Still do the streaming hordes sweep in
Through open gates ; on shores still wet
With crying blood of brother's wrongs,
Where every evening sun doth set.

Upon the discontent and need,
Upon the homeless home ; the strife
Bereft of ideals' strengthening arm—
The empty, hopeless, sordid life.

The widening stream spreads on and out
Through village road, through city street,
Far o'er the undulating plains,
Away where sky and mountains meet.

As settling sediment sinks down
To make more fertile, else as drift
To smother growing blades that strive
Above their earthy beds to lift.

Shall this stream choke our nation's life,
And hopes, ideals, droop and die?
Shall freedom's song our fathers sang
Be but an echo to the sky?

Still do the streaming hordes sweep in
Through open gates—a motley throng.
God give us strength to make them men
And teach them brotherhood's own song!

IV

BIBLE

THE ROMANCE OF BIBLE TRANSLATION

Suggestions: The following material may be used as the basis for a leader's talk, or it may be presented as a reading by some good reader. It should lead the pupils to appreciate something of the problems which the missionary meets in interpreting Christianity and also something of the consecration which has been manifested in solving those problems.

To poison even one Bible would hardly seem commendable, and the poisoning of one thousand Bibles might surely be interpreted as an unneighborly act. Yet, not so very long ago poison was rubbed into the covers of one thousand Bibles which were starting on a journey of fifteen thousand miles. The poison was a measure of protection against the tropical insects of the Gilbert Islands, to which the Bibles were bound. They were also soldered in cases that they might not be injured by moisture.

To most of us the Gilbert Islands may not seem very large or important. As a matter of fact, Ocean Island, to which most of the Bibles just mentioned were going for distribution to other islands, is only a mile and a half in diameter.

To the Rev. Hiram Bingham, however, the Gilbert Islanders were of enough importance to warrant his spending the greater part of thirty-four years in translating the Bible into their language. It was the work

of a lifetime. We are not surprised, therefore, to know that when the last verse of the last chapter of Revelation was completed, put into type, and the proof drawn, Dr. Bingham's voice trembled with emotion as he read the words to the assembled group of natives in their own language.

The story of Dr. Bingham and of his translation of the Bible into the language of the Gilbert Islanders has been matched by many similar stories during the past hundred years. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Bible had been translated into probably not more than twenty-five languages. To-day portions of the Bible have appeared in approximately five hundred different languages, and the entire Bible has been printed in one hundred languages. The amount of patient labor and self-sacrifice which has been put into these many Bible translations is past calculating. In many cases from twenty to forty years have been involved in the making of a single translation, and the cooperation of many people was required. One man worked fifteen years upon a translation only to have all of his labors swallowed up by the sinking of a boat.

When Adoniram Judson went to Burma one of his first missionary tasks was the translation of the Scriptures. The work was well under way when Dr. Judson was arrested and put into prison. His wife secreted the previous translation and finally buried it in the ground. When the approach of the rainy season endangered the work Mrs. Judson dug it up and sewed it into a pillow so old and unattractive that it seemed no one could desire it. This she took to the

prison for her husband. Judson kept it for some time, but when he was being taken from one place to another the pillow was stolen from him. It was later thrown away, and then found by a native. Months afterward, as if by miracle, the translation was recovered unharmed.

The Ibo Bible was completed several years ago. Possibly few of us have any Ibo-speaking acquaintance, yet there are four million Ibo-speaking people in Nigeria, Africa. One native worker, in cooperation with the missionaries, spent twenty-two years of labor upon this translation. The cost of one of these Bibles, when printed, was the equivalent of five full days' pay for a laborer. In spite of this fact the natives were so anxious to secure Bibles that the first edition of five thousand copies was exhausted long before the second edition could be received. Many a man walked sixty-five miles in the hot sun and returned with sixty pounds on his back to earn money enough to buy a Bible.

To copy the Bible by hand in English is a task which would keep a high-school or college student busy for a very long time; but to translate the Bible into another language, which possibly never before has been reduced to writing, to hunt diligently for correct expressions, to test every step of the way again and again, to read and reread, is a task which tests eyesight, nerves, physical endurance, and Christian patience.

The search for words to express the ideas of Christianity is enough to test the heroic qualities of the translators. James D. Taylor tells us that, while the

Zulu translation was being made an entire week was spent upon the one word "glory."

Oftentimes no words can be found for "sin," "love," "conscience," and other terms so familiar to the Christian. In the Chinese language no word could be found for "God." The nearest approach to it was the word "ghost." In Madagascar no word could be found for "purity," so the word "whiteness" was pressed into service. When the first missionaries went to work among the Nestorians of Persia there were no words for "wife" or "home." In Tahiti no word could be found for "faith." At another time translators were perplexed because they could find no word for "hope."

A missionary to Africa spent two and one half years looking for a single word. One night his people were seated around the camp fire telling stories. At last his head man, Kikuni, told of a serious adventure with a lion. Suddenly he said, "Bwana Nukuthaniwa ne Kikuni." ("The master was saved by Kikuni.")

Mr. Hotchkiss, the missionary, at once asked, "Uku thani bwana?" ("You saved the master?")

"Yes," said Kikuni.

"Why," said Mr. Hotchkiss, "this is the word that I've been wanting you to tell me all these days, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus died to——"

"Master, I understand now," said Kikuni. "This is what you have been trying to tell us all these moons. Jesus died to save us from sin."

The difficulties of Bible translation are not limited to those having to do with the expression of spiritual

truths. How, for example, would you translate the names of the large number of animals mentioned in the Bible to the people of Micronesia, who had never seen a four-footed beast? How would you translate Isaiah 3. 18-23 with its reference to anklets, crescents, pendants, bracelets, mufflers, headtires, ankle chains, sashes, perfume boxes, amulets, festival robes, mantles, shawls, hand-mirrors, fine linen, turbans, and veils, to the Zulus, whose wardrobe consisted of a little bead-work, a blanket, and a skin apron? How would you translate the many references to frost, snow, and ice to people on a tropical island, who had never experienced a temperature as low as freezing? The following is an actual translation in the Fiji Islands of Isaiah 1. 18: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as rain." By mistake one translator made the people throw "thorn bushes" instead of "palm branches" in the way at the time of Jesus's entry into Jerusalem.

It is not surprising that Grenfell talked about the "seal of God," to people who never had seen or heard of a lamb, or that he found the use of the first psalm difficult among a people who never in their whole lives had seen a growing tree. The foregoing incidents indicate some of the problems which confront the person who would translate the Bible into a foreign language. In spite of difficulties and discouragements, however, the work of Bible translation has steadily progressed until only a relatively small fraction of the people of the world do not have at least a portion of the Scriptures in their own language.

That this work has been appreciated and has brought its reward is well illustrated by the story told by John G. Paton of the reception given to his first translation of the Bible in the New Hebrides Islands.

As the work was finished the old chief, Namakei, cried, anxiously: "Missi, is it done? Can it speak?"

"Yes."

"Does it speak my words?"

"It does."

"Make it speak to me, Missi. Let me hear it speak."

When a portion had been read the old man shouted in an ecstasy of joy. Later he was fitted with glasses and learned the alphabet. From that time on he seized every opportunity to address his people: "Come, I will let you hear how the Book speaks our own words. You say it is hard to learn to read and make it speak. But be strong and try. If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you."

V

CHINA

A MAP TALK ON CHINA

Suggestions: A good map of China should be secured for this talk. One showing the various provinces of China is to be preferred. If possible, have this map drawn by a member of the department. It may be drawn upon a sheet of paper or upon the blackboard. Many of the facts presented are not strictly geographical facts, but they may form a good point of departure and help to visualize the situation in China. Before the speaker makes use of the material which he desires to present he should draw from the pupils by questions as many facts about China as possible. These may be written, preferably on the blackboard, and then supplemented by the leader, or supplemented as the questioning proceeds.

CHINA is one of the oldest countries in the world.

China has a larger population than any other country in the world. One fourth of the human race lives in China—400,000,000.

Long before the beginning of the Christian era China had a high degree of civilization.

The Chinese invented printing, discovered the principle of the mariners' compass, manufactured gunpowder, built roads of the finest quality, began the cultivation of tea, and constructed fifteen hundred miles of wall which stands as one of the wonders of the world to-day, while our own ancestors were little more than barbarians. Then China took a long, long nap.

To-day China is lighted with Standard oil; and Wheeler and Wilson sewing machines, Yale locks, Victor talking machines, and multitudinous other products of the United States may be seen advertised in China. Fifteen thousand Singer sewing machines are sold in China annually.

The Chinese are said to get the largest yield per acre of any farmers in the world.

There are several thousand miles of railroad in China.

Chinese cities are beginning to grow, owing to the development of industry in China.

Labor is very cheap. The women silk weavers in Shanghai get from 8 to 11 cents for eleven hours of work.

China is on the opposite side of the world from the United States, and they do many things exactly opposite from us. Words are written in columns instead of across the page. The Chinese compass points south instead of north. Books are read backward and foot-notes are inserted at the top of the page. The spoken language of China is not written, and the written language is not spoken. The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands of those they greet. They dress in white at funerals and in mourning at weddings. They begin dinner with a dessert and end with soup.

The Chinaman is no mystic: we never find him lying on a bed of spikes nor torturing his right arm.

In the interior of every Chinese house you will find some place or object of worship.

There are five religions in China: Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity.

There are more than 80,000,000 boys and girls of school age in China who are growing up without schools.

China needs a million school teachers; and if these teachers could be Christian, this great country would soon be won to Jesus Christ.

Seven out of ten of the babies born in China die before they grow up.

The Chinese know nothing of sanitation, and have no regard for laws of health. Surgery, except as learned in Western schools, is practically unknown.

Just now China is in a plastic state, and Christianity has her great chance in China to-day, if we, as the heralds of Christianity, are equal to the opportunity which is ours.

A MORNING'S DISPENSARY

Suggestions: Many missionaries before going out receive some training in medicine, which proves very useful where there are no doctors. This scene illustrates the twofold work of Medical Missions, namely, the healing of the body and the preaching of Christ's salvation for the sin-sick souls of the patients. This exercise is taken from a collection of exercises prepared by Anita B. Ferris.

CHARACTERS

One woman missionary dispensing.

One boy.

Four women patients (one to be another missionary when possible, and one with doll as "baby").

Others may come into the scene, bringing friends who are patients.

[*Scene:* A Chinese room—square table, missionary arranging bottles, etc., upon it. First Patient enters, limping on small feet. Missionary invites her to sit. Asks her name.]

First Patient: My name is Ho.

Missionary: From how far have you come?

First Patient: I have walked two miles. My foot aches horribly.

Missionary: What is the matter?

First Patient: There is a large sore at the back—here [shows where]. It aches day and night. I no peace. It came some months ago.

Missionary: Let me look at it and see if I can help.

First Patient: Look! No! No! I could not un-

cover my foot, it is ugly to see. Just give me a little medicine to put on.

Missionary: O! don't mind me, I am used to these sights. I will shut doors and windows; no one else shall see.

[Here enters an old woman nearly blind with staff. Tries to kōtow. Is prevented by missionary, and invited to sit.]

Missionary: Where have you come from?

Second Patient: From the Rippling Waves Valley among the hills.

Missionary: That is a long way. And do you want medicine?

Second Patient: Just so! My eyes are dim. I have heard say your foreign medicine makes people see.

Missionary: Some ills we can cure. But how old are you?

Second Patient: Last year eighty years old.

Missionary [examining eyes]: Ah! I fear your eyes are dim with age, no one can cure them.

Second Patient: So they told me, but I thought the foreign lady might give me sight. But there is more. I have a little grandchild at home; the fire-basket upset in the bed, and she is all burnt, arm and neck here [shows]. Can you give me a plaster to take home—put on?

Missionary: How old is your little grandchild?

Second Patient: It is five years.

Missionary: How long ago burnt?

Second Patient: Half a moon.

[Here enter two more patients looking rather

nervous, saying, "I fear your foreign dog." One carries a baby on her back.]

Missionary [turning to them]: Please be seated. [Turning to old woman again] Have you been doing anything for this child?

Second Patient: We did invite a doctor. He put on a plaster; it is black. But it grows worse and cries always.

Missionary: I will come and see the child.

Second Patient: Do not trouble to come to our miserable abode. My son will carry it here in a basket.

Missionary [turns to Third Patient who is rather deaf]: What can I do for you?

Third Patient: Inside I have a fire.

Missionary: [producing powders done up in packets]: See these packets! Take one three times a day after meals. Do you understand?

Third Patient: What's that you say?

Missionary: Take one three times a day after meals.

Third Patient: Shall I swallow them all now?

Missionary [turning to Fourth Patient]: Won't you tell her how?

Third Patient: Thank you! Thank you! Strange how good you are—yet so thin! But you will live to be one hundred and twenty.

Missionary: It is not my desire to live that long. Please wait just a minute.

Missionary [turning to Fourth Patient]: What is your disease?

Fourth Patient: My baby is a body of sores.

Missionary: Let me see? [Baby is taken down and

examined] I fear I must first wash the baby. It is very dirty. Our foreign medicine will not act without cleanliness.

Fourth Patient: Wash! that would kill it. It has never been washed.

Missionary: No, it will not kill your baby, but will help to make it better. You may watch me, for I shall be very careful. [Fourth Patient walks out with baby. Boy enters.]

Missionary: What is it you want?

Boy: I want mad dog medicine.

Missionary: What! have you been bitten?

Boy: No, not bitten me. Yesterday on the mountain I met a mad dog. The sun was bright at the time, and the shadow fell on me. I fear much. O! Please, teacher, a little medicine. [Missionary with relieved expression gives him a dose of something.]

Missionary: Now, as there are no more patients, I will tell you about something better than medicine, something to save your souls. See these large characters? Can you read?

All: No, we are all so stupid.

Missionary: The verse reads so: [John 3. 16. Teaches it, with interruptions at intervals.]

Fourth and Third Patients: How clever she is!

Second Patient: Are you married?

All: These words are good.

Third Patient: Look at her shoes.

Second Patient: Go! We must go!

[Depart in Chinese fashion with leaflets containing words of text and invitation to return.]

GIRLS IN CHINA

Suggestions: This exercise is adapted from a missionary program prepared by Augusta Walden Comstock. The parts should be given out in advance and learned by four girls.

First Girl: I'd hate to be a girl in China and have my feet bound. The poor things moan and cry with the pain day and night for months. Each day the bands are drawn tighter, until all the toes are drawn up under the ball of the foot. They have to hobble around all their lives on these tiny, crippled feet.

Now a law has been sent out from Peking forbidding parents to bind their daughters' feet, and saying that no man will be employed by the government whose wife or daughters have bound feet. In spite of this order, however, foot-binding still goes on.

Second Girl: I'd hate to be a girl in China and never have a chance to go to school. Only one girl in a thousand ever knows how to read. I'd hate to go away from my own mother when I was twelve or thirteen years old to live with a strange woman who was to be my mother-in-law, and seldom, if ever, see my own folks again.

Third Girl: I'd hate to be a Chinese girl and be ordered around by my brothers, and always have my mother wait on the boys and father first.

When little Mei Li learned to read in a Christian school her father was astonished and said, "She, a girl, can read!" The Chinese think that the boys must

have everything, and that it is not worth while to educate a girl.

Fourth Girl: Brave Hu King Eng was the first Chinese girl to leave China to be educated in America. Her mother was an aristocratic little lady, proud of her embroidered shoes only three inches long, but she was the first mother among the upper classes in South China to let her daughter grow up with natural feet.

When she came here Hu King was only eighteen years old. She did not know a word of English, but she learned rapidly. In ten years she graduated from the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia. Then she went back to her China, where she became head of a hospital at Foochow. She is a great doctor, and people come hundreds of miles to have her treat them.

A HERO IN CHINA

Suggestions: The following story may be mastered and told by a member of the department or presented as a reading.

ARTHUR JACKSON was one of those big, enthusiastic young fellows whom everyone is bound to love. There wasn't a lazy bone in his body. At Cambridge University he had been one of the crack oarsmen on the university crew. After his medical course was completed he sailed for northern China as a medical missionary. Here we find him at Mukden, in the southern province of Manchuria, January 12, 1911.

Arthur Jackson had been in China only four months, but they had not been idle ones. Measles, mumps, and fever are the same in China as in England or America, so that a medical missionary does not have to wait a year or two years, as do many other missionaries, before he begins his real work. Every day Jackson had been making trips to sick people, performing operations, coaching his Chinese students in football, and studying the Chinese language.

On the night of January 12 he was in his room writing to his sister. The bitter cold of the Manchurian winter made the air of his room cold and frosty, and occasionally he rose to walk back and forth, or to beat his muscular arms about his great chest. As soon as his hands were warm he went back to his writing. "Whoever invented Chinese," he was saying, "seems to have had an enormous stock of h's, s's, c's, n's, and w's, which he no doubt bought at some jumble sale, and

it is a wonder that the whole thing has not been sold long ago at another. I can tell you that saying, 'Peter Piper, etc.,' or any such catch, is child's play to managing your s's and w's in Chinese."

For a moment he hesitated, then plunged again into his letter writing.

"You may have seen," he wrote, "that the plague is pretty bad in northern Manchuria. We are doing all we can to prevent its coming south. You remember that Mukden is at the junction of the Japanese line running south and the Chinese Imperial Railway running west to Tienstsin and Peking. It is an important place, as you can see from this sketch." Here he drew a little map.

"Just at this time of the year there are great crowds of coolies going from their work in the north down into Peking. I am going to examine the passengers to prevent the plague's getting into China. You need not mention this new job I have got to mother, as it would only make her unnecessarily anxious. Of course plague is a nasty thing, but we are hopeful of getting it under now."

Young Jackson rose and paced slowly back and forth in his room. He well knew that, in spite of every precaution, he might take the dreaded disease, and he knew that if he did take it, it meant death. A cure had never been known. He looked out of the window at the snowy ground. Away to the west lay the railroad, ready to carry thousands of coolies into China. Who would save Peking and the millions of China? Suddenly Dr. Jackson's shoulders squared

themselves. The Master himself had not saved his own life, why should Arthur Jackson fear to lose his? He sealed his letter, and then lay down to rest.

The next day his work began. Four hundred coolies were on the first train. Some already had the plague, and it was necessary to examine all of them, separate the infected ones from the rest to die, and then take precautionary measures for the others. Dr. Jackson was dressed in white over his fur coat. He wore oilskin boots and gloves, and over his face was a shield saturated with disinfectant.

Thus day after day passed for two weeks. On January 23 he lunched with the other missionaries. "Well, we don't make much money out here," he said, gayly, "but we do see life." During the twenty-minute lunch he kept them all laughing. He denied that he was tired, and hastened back to his work. He was in high spirits, for the worst seemed to be over, and he had stayed by the job and had made good. He went to bed that night, but the next morning he could not rise. In saving others he had taken the plague. Some hours of terrible suffering passed, and then Dr. Jackson was buried under the Manchurian snow.

The news of Dr. Jackson's death was carried all over China. Chinese officials of every rank did honor to the memory of the man who had laid down his life for China. His death stirred certain wealthy Chinamen as nothing had ever done before. One man sent \$12,000 and later \$5,000 more. Others gave. And a medical college was established in China in honor of the man who counted not his life dear unto himself.

CHRISTIANITY AN ECONOMIC DISTURBER

Suggestions: The following story may be used by the leader as the basis for a brief talk on missionary work in China.

A BLUE-GOWNED, bound-footed woman hobbled up to a group of Christians in southern China not long ago, shouting as she went: "The church has not played fair. You who call yourselves Christians are despoilers, taking away our trade and leaving us to starve."

Her wrath grew, as the Christians tried to soothe her.

"Yes—'be patient' and 'trust God,' of course, but in the meantime what of my children who are waiting for their rice? Before you came to our village with your songs and prayers, I was earning twelve cents a day making idol paper. The children worked, and we had rice every day. All the women of our village are industrious, making idol paper day and night, so that the fame of this place has gone over the country."

She shifted her weight from one small foot to the other and leaned more heavily on her staff.

"I'm getting to be an old woman, and my days on this earth will not be many. When you came to preach your 'Jesus Christ doctrine' of a heaven where we can rest I was happy. But of what avail is a heaven if we starve to death on earth? Christianity may be a good religion to believe if you are rich, but what of us in this village? You tell us not to make idol paper, that it is sin—but what else can we do? Already we are becoming a laughingstock to other villages."

Thrusting out one foot, she continued, "With these feet I cannot work in the fields, neither can I gather wood on the mountainside, but I am still strong and able to work with my hands. If you help me and the other women of the village to learn a trade, we can continue to serve God without sinning or starving. Now what are you going to do about it?"

All unconsciously this woman, when she uttered her tirade against Christianity, was following in apostolic succession the long line of people, beginning with Demetrius and his fellow craftsmen who made images of the great Diana of the Ephesians. As Demetrius had just cause to fear for his trade, so the Chinese woman's fear of the future was not ungrounded, and Christianity was rightly blamed. For it does destroy trade in some things—traditions, unhealthy practices. It is necessarily destructive before it can be constructive.

For the woman and her village the missionaries must have money—capital to start a new industry. If it is weaving, there must be looms and material supplied, wages for apprentices and teacher. Not until "The Truth" is combined with economic freedom will the people of China "be free."

The great question in this part of China as well as on other mission fields is not "how to interest the people in Christianity," but "how to conserve the results of missionary work."

Few missionaries have been as constructive as they would like to be. They have struck open the eyes of the people so that they saw their idols as mere figures

of stone and mud ; they have demonstrated the power of modern education on the young people ; have shown what disease and lack of sanitation does to the race. But often, for lack of funds they have been forced to leave the people thus, with eyes opened and with no guide to lead them on to remedy their conditions. We must make it possible to construct as well as to tear down.

VI

EUROPE

A RESURRECTED NATION

Suggestion: This exercise, arranged by Madeleine Sweeny Miller, emphasizes our ancient debt to the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia. A map of the new Europe should hang on the wall within the reach of the speakers. Four persons are required for this exercise.

First Speaker: To those of us who cherish the Protestant faith one of the most romantic national resurrections of the Great War is that of the Czecho-Slovak people, so long dead to freedom of faith and of action. Both because these people of middle Europe preserved through centuries of Teutonic oppression the priceless traditions of the fires from which our Protestant religion was kindled, and because of the radiant future in store for this, the most civilized of the newly liberated nations, it behooves us to familiarize ourselves with the rough outlines of their story and with the epoch-making achievements of John Huss, their fifteenth-century martyr, and of Thomas Masaryk, president of their twentieth-century republic.

Let us first trace upon the new map of Europe the outlines of Czecho-Slovakia. [He clearly indicates with pointer, the location of the country, showing the three parts—Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia.]

It will be seen that Czecho-Slovakia was the back-

bone of the old Austro-Hungarian empire geographically; economically as well, it was the most valuable member of Austria, Bohemia alone yielding five times as much coal as the rest of the state, twice as many agricultural products, and bearing sixty-three per cent of Austria's taxation.

Second Speaker: We Protestant followers of Christ have a close religious kinship with the Czecho-Slovak people, based, first of all, upon the work of the Bohemian, John Huss. "No nation in the world possesses a more dazzling oriflamme than Bohemia possesses in the career of John Huss." Going back almost to the beginning of the Christian era, the Bohemian [pointing to map] people formed a distinct nation as early as the seventh century and consolidated with Moravia [pointing to map] after Christianity was introduced into that country in the ninth century by two Greek missionaries. A great state comprising neighboring Czecho-Slavs grew up, but soon was forced into the one thousand year struggle with the Germans which we, in our day, have just ended. It was during the reign of King Charles that the great church reforms, which led to a Protestant world, took form under the leadership of John Huss, who championed freedom of religious thought in Europe a century before Martin Luther's day.

This famous father of our faith was born in Prague, and, like Luther, earned his living by singing and performing humble services in the church. Becoming the spokesman of the Czech people in their protests against the corrupt practices of the Roman Church, he became

so influential that the terms "Czech" and "Hussite" became synonymous. But although almost the entire nation followed him, he was brought to trial for heresy by a council of the old church party and was burned at Constance on July 6, 1415. Chained to a stake around which wood and straw had been piled so that it covered him to the neck, he began to sing as the fire was kindled, "Christ, Thou Son of the Living God, have mercy upon me." He continued to move his lips and head until the wind blew the flames into his face and suffocation freed his courageous spirit from his fire-mopped body.

The Hussites now adore him as a saint, and the famous wars which they waged to avenge his death revealed the Czechs to themselves and brought a glory to the Bohemian flag which has kept the Czech blood tingling down to this present day of their glorious resurrection as an independent nation.

It is little wonder that when the liberated Czecho-Slovaks celebrated this great event, they did so about the statue of John Huss in Prague.

Third Speaker: Another section of Czecho-Slovakia [pointing on the map to Moravia] developed early in the eighteenth century the "Moravian Church," known for its high type of piety and aggressive missionary spirit. One of the Moravians, Peter Bohler, introduced the movement to Great Britain and brought about the conversion of John Wesley, who founded the great Methodist Church with its millions of members to-day.

The Moravians were the first Protestants in the

world to go among the heathen for the distinct purpose of saving their souls. Thus it was that these natives of the ancient nation resurrected by the war long ago founded, in 1732, on the island of St. Thomas, the first Protestant missionary work.

Fourth Speaker: Just as John Huss was the champion of the Czechs against the German oppressors in his day, so Thomas Masaryk stands out as their deliverer in our age.

Born in 1850 of a poor Moravian family, he began his career as a blacksmith's apprentice, later working his way until he became a professor at the Prague University. Known throughout Europe by his great work on Czech questions, he influenced the whole youth of Bohemia by establishing libraries and putting at their disposal ampler knowledge in several tongues.

Thus he inaugurated the new era of Czech history which has placed it to-day beside the other European nations in intellectual and moral development.

When the Czechs were beginning to break away from the Austrian state Masaryk left his country and organized the National Council which proclaimed the independence of Bohemia. In December, 1917, a Czecho-Slovak army was formed as a part of the French army and volunteer recruits were raised in America. The brilliant military moves of this army of one hundred and twenty thousand brought the world to its knees before them.

While in the United States Masaryk was unanimously acclaimed as first president of the republic of Czecho-Slovakia. One recent token of his progressive-

ness is the invitation he issued to a group of young American college women, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., to make a social survey of the ancient city of Prague, the birthplace of John Huss and of the resurrected nation.

Song: "Ancient of Days," stanzas one, three and five being especially appropriate.

VII

HAWAII

A MAP TALK ON HAWAII

Suggestions: In presenting this talk on Hawaii two different maps may be used if they are available; a map showing only the Hawaiian Islands will bring out the detail of the islands themselves, while another map can show the vast stretch of the Pacific Ocean, and the strategic position of the islands as they are related to the lines of travel between Asia and America. The following facts concerning Hawaii will serve as a basis for the following talk. It is always well, however, to draw out as much information from the group as can be drawn out by questions. If possible, locate on the map the points where your church is at work.

CAPTAIN COOK discovered the Hawaiian Islands in 1778.

The Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States in 1898.

A United States senator recently said, "There is no spot under our flag to-day of such strategic importance to our government as Hawaii."

There are eight inhabited and several uninhabited islands.

In 1910 the total population was 191,909.

The largest volcano in the world is in Hawaii.

The climate of Hawaii is healthful and cooler than that of other regions in the same latitude.

The average yield per acre of cane sugar is the greatest in the world.

The islands are at the crossroads of the north Pacific. They have a monopoly in coaling, watering, and victualing.

The rich land of Hawaii is bound to attract hordes of immigrants, and it is peculiarly important that Christianity be firmly established in order to offset the many non-Christian influences which are now at work, and which will be at work in these islands in the future.

The first Christian missionary arrived in Hawaii in 1819.

The missionaries were the first to reduce the Hawaiian language to a written form.

Most of the people of Hawaii are of moderate stature, but the chiefs and the women of their families have been remarkable for their height. Four hundred pounds was not an unusual weight for one of this class.

The Hawaiians are hardy, industrious, light-hearted, and pleasure-loving. They are considered physically among the finest races of the Pacific.

The original Hawaiians have been very largely replaced by Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, and others.

There are now in the Hawaiian Islands as many Japanese as there are Japanese in the entire population of the United States.

At the present there are nearly as many Japanese Buddhist schools as there are public schools of grammar grade.

Hawaii affords a center from which Christianity or democracy may be carried to the Far East.

Whatever is firmly planted in Hawaii soon spreads to the Orient and to the islands of the vast Pacific sea.

Hawaii is the nerve center of the Pacific and a place of supreme advantage to Christianity.

A GLIMPSE OF THE LAND OF PINEAPPLE AND PALM

Suggestions: This exercise has been arranged by Helen Bushnell. The Sunday before it is to be given, a chart announcing the subject of the study may be displayed in the vestibule of the school or upon the regular bulletin board. This chart can be made by lettering the title on the top in a semicircle. Under the title may be placed one or two scenic pictures of Hawaii with its wealth of tropical trees and verdure, and a picture of a group of people beside an ocean liner, or a ship just leaving port. These pictures are of a general character and can easily be secured by watching the magazines. Along the Pacific Coast, postcards of Hawaiian scenes are easy to get and the colors will harmonize nicely with a background of dark green or slate gray bristol board.

THE PROBLEM

"Among the large crowd assembled on the pier to greet friends and relatives from the steamer are American, English, Portuguese, Kanakas, Japanese, and Chinese.

"It is entertaining to go down to the harbor (of Honolulu) and witness the departure of a big steamer on one of her voyages. The Hawaiian Band assembles on the end of the pier, playing popular and patriotic airs, while friends and relatives bid each other farewell on the steamer and the shore. Upon these occasions the natives bring long garlands of flowers called 'isis' four or five feet in length, which they place in lavish profusion about the necks and shoulders of the departing travelers. Just before the steamer

casts off her moorings, wreaths and flowers are flung over her in perfect abandon, shouts of 'Bon voyage' mingle with cheers, music, and singing, and the excitement is intense."¹

The object of this exercise is to give a little of the setting of the tropics, an idea of the spontaneity and cordiality of the people, and information concerning the needs of missionary work there. The costumes of the various nations spoken of in the first quotation above may be used if they can be easily procured, or pasteboard labels may be made bearing the names of the different nationalities represented in the group, and these labels pinned on the front of the participants or used as bands around the head. The personnel of the group that takes part is to consist of the various peoples of the islands, and a missionary supposedly returning to America for a furlough. The group enters with the missionary in the center, all talking excitedly, and each one carrying part of his baggage or wreaths of flowers. As they reach the center of the platform the group stops in such a way as to show to the audience the nationalities represented, and the missionary speaks to them.

Missionary: Well, friends, I shall soon be out on the ocean, going toward America, but my heart will be back here with you, and I shall be praying for you as you meet in the prayer services to-night.

One of the Group: And we shall be thinking of you too, and how kindly you have worked with us. We

¹ Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan, pp. 54, 77, 78. Copyright, George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

shall often be speaking of your love and faithful service, and we shall be so glad when we hear you are coming back to us once more.

Another of the Group: Yes, we shall be glad to see you again, but it is best that you leave us now for a little while, and perhaps you will have a chance to tell the people across the sea just how much we need their help, and their interest and their prayers.

First Speaker: Yes, and maybe some of the young people from your church will come back with you to help us reach the villages and farms where we haven't been able to go for lack of workers.

Missionary: Shall I tell the people in America that you need more workers?

A Filipino Boy: Yes, do. And tell them that we are so few to do the work among so many. And we need buildings for schools too.

Missionary: I will take your messages to them, and I shall also tell them of your faithfulness and Christian work. I must leave you now. It is almost time for the boat to pull out.

[He shakes hands with each one. Some of them kiss him good-by, and all seem much affected by his going. As he takes up his grips or baggage they throw the garlands over his head, and as he exits in the opposite direction from that in which the group entered they shower flowers after him. As they turn and sadly and very slowly walk off the platform in the direction from which they entered, a chorus placed out of sight sings the song which is always sung when a boat leaves the harbor of Honolulu, "Aloha Oe."]

VIII

INDIA

A MAP TALK ON INDIA

Suggestions: A map of India, if possible drawn by a member of the department, should be provided for this talk. Draw out by questions from the members of the department as many facts concerning India as possible as the talk proceeds.

INDIA is a land of contradictions.

She has some of the poorest people in the world, yet her soil is fertile and very productive.

India is the headquarters of Hinduism, yet there are more Mohammedans in India than in any other country on the globe, and more Christians than in any other non-Christian land.

Eighty-nine per cent of the men and ninety-nine per cent of the women in India cannot read or write.

India does not have quite so many millions as China, but the 315,000,000 people of India added to the 400,000,000 people of China form only a little less than one half the population of the world.

India and China together are the world's reservoir of humanity.

India is so densely populated that if the United States were similarly peopled, we would have 600,000,000 residents instead of 100,000,000.

There are so many people in India that if the European war had entirely depopulated France,

Austria, Germany, England, and Belgium, and Turkey in Europe, India alone could have repopulated these countries and still have had left as many people as are in the United States.

Most of the people of India live in small villages.

It is said that if Christ had started to preach in the villages of India on the day of his baptism and had visited one village each day since that time, he would still have, after 1900 years, 30,000 villages to visit.

Industry is developed largely to-day in India, so that cities are growing, and living conditions are in many cases becoming worse, if possible.

The smoke stacks of the jute factories in Calcutta make the approach to that city seem like the approach to Fall River, Massachusetts. Bombay has her cotton factories, and the steel mills of India are among the most important of the world.

The shackles of the caste system in India, which has held in bondage millions of the natives of India, are beginning to be loosed by India's contact with modern life.

India's participation in the great war has been an education to her people.

The religious, economic, and social movement among the masses of India to-day, known as the "mass movement," is one of the most remarkable the world has ever witnessed.

Thousands of people are being baptized into the Christian Church each month in India now, but in spite of that fact hundreds of thousands who are seeking baptism are turned away, because there is no

one to teach them or to care for them after they are baptized.

A few years ago we were praying for open doors of opportunity in India. To-day we are embarrassed by the wealth of opportunity which we are not able to improve.

It is estimated that a million converts a year might be baptized by the Christian Church in India if facilities for instructing and caring for them were available.

WHICH WAY?

Suggestions: The following dialogue to be presented by two Intermediate girls requires no stage setting and no costumes. It is taken from a collection of exercises prepared by Anita B. Ferris.

[*Scene:* A Vernacular School: two girls—Eulabi and Dulari talking on the veranda.]

Eulabi: Dulari, have you heard there is a new school opened in the Chandi Chawle?

Dulari: Yes, Randei's mother says she shall send her children there, because all the girls in that school get lots of presents, books, and clothes, and sweets, and all sorts of things, and plenty of holidays.

Eulabi: Who knows whether it is true? I shall not go to that school; the children do not learn anything and do not sing any bhajans.

Dulari: That does not matter; I don't want to learn those things. My brother says the Bible is only good for American people; we have our religion, and that is far older than the American religion.

Eulabi: I love the Bible lesson, and all that I learn in school I tell my mother when I go home, and she knows some of the texts too that the Mem Sahib has taught us.

Dulari: O! my mother does not want to hear. Do you know, I am going to take ten days' holiday. I am going to Benares with my mother to bathe in the sacred Ganges, then all my sins will be washed away.

Eulabi: Ah, yes, the Pundits say that, but my Mem Sahib says that bathing in the Ganges is useless. It is

just as if you put my sari into a box, and fastened it up, and then threw it into the water; the box would get washed clean, but my sari inside the box would remain as dirty as ever. So when we wash in the Ganges, our bodies get clean, but our hearts are not a bit better. Do you remember that verse we learned the other morning, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"?

(Ten Days Later)

Eulabi: So you've come back again, Dulari. Tell me what you saw in Benares.

Dulari: O, everything! Lots of fakirs, and there is one man who has held his arms above his head—so—for such a long time that it is now quite stiff, and he cannot move it, and his nails have grown like bird's claws. Another fakir was sitting on the ground surrounded by five fires—he *must* have felt very warm, for the sun was very hot, but, of course, by this he will acquire great merit, and the gods will be pleased and not punish him.

Eulabi: Mem Sahib says, God wants us to love him and not do things from fear.

Dulari: O, well, listen! I saw thousands of people bathing in the sacred Ganges, and drinking the holy water, and there were hundreds and hundreds of monkeys round the temples, and I bought some grain from a priest and fed them, and they chattered and made such a noise.

Eulabi: Tell me, did the people look happy after they had bathed?

Dulari: I don't think they did seem very happy. Some of them were very poor, and yet the priests made them pay a lot of money for taking some of the sacred water home with them for those who were not able to come.

Eulabi: I'm glad I did not go ; it would have been a great deal of trouble, and very trying to sit in a bullock cart for two days. While you have been away we have learned a new bhajan : it is all about the sin and sorrow there is in the world, and then it says, if we trust in the Lord Jesus we shall have joy in him, so that is what I am going to do.

FLASHLIGHTS FROM THE MASS MOVEMENT

Suggestions: The following story is told by Dr. Fred B. Fisher. It may be used to advantage as a partial interpretation of the mass movement in India.

ONE day last year (1918) I visited a convention of 200 mayors of villages, gathered together under the man who is the leader of 30,000 people. He said to them: "You are the leaders of your own people in your own villages. We are going to climb out of the slough of an old intolerable social and religious condition; out into a promised land of democracy and freedom."

I saw him stoop down, and standing there in his Oriental robe, thrown over his shoulder, a white turban on his head, sandals on his feet, he picked up a scourge with leather thongs tied here and there with pieces of tin. He beat himself over both shoulders and told that crowd the story of the scourging of the Man of Galilee. Then he stooped down and took from a small box a crown of thorns and put it on his own head, and told them the story of the Man who had been crowned with thorns.

Next he took up a spearhead made out of tin. He put a stick in the head and told them that story. He stooped down and took two pieces of wood and put the short piece across the long one and put spikes in them, one through each side and another through the place of the feet, and told those men the story of the crucifixion of Christ.

Then he put on a white robe and said: "I preach to you a Man who is resurrected to this life. If we want our liberty if we want our freedom, let us rally to the spiritual cause."

Two hundred and forty mayors were listening to him.

"The masses are moving to Christianity in great waves," I said not long ago to a bishop. "You cannot stop it; man cannot stop it; hell cannot stop it, but we are going to train the great constituency for the to-morrow of India."

The Indian masses are appearing and demanding entrance into the Christian Church, but we have to hold them back. We tell them, "We have no pastors, no teachers, no leaders to train you." In Meerut there are 750,000 people—three quarters of a million—ready to move out into the kingdom of God if we spread the heaven for them.

An exodus is going on now in India as great as that they tell about in the Old Testament. They have no Moses or Joshua, but they are going to produce an exodus to the new promised land which for the moment will be vaster than any conceived of in the old exodus.

INDIA

AN EXERCISE

Suggestions: This exercise is adapted from a missionary program prepared by Augusta Walden Comstock. The following facts about India may be given out in advance to different pupils and learned by them. If this is not feasible, they may be read from slips of paper. Keep a duplicate of each so that if a pupil is absent the part may be given by some one else.

1. MUCH of the tea used in England, and some of that used in the United States, comes from India. Great numbers of men, women, and children spend all the working part of their lives picking the tea-leaves from the plants. This must be very carefully done with the thumb nail. It takes one man an entire day to prepare one pound of tea.

2. Nowhere perhaps are there more splendid buildings than in India. The rulers of that land not only built beautiful palaces to live in during their lives, but also magnificent tombs in which their dead bodies may lie. A wonderfully beautiful tomb is the Taj Mahal, built by an emperor for his wife.

3. If you traveled all over India and saw all the people there, you would not see even one white person in every thousand. Almost all the people are light-brown, medium-brown, dark-brown, or brown of some shade.

4. According to the Hindu religion of India, there are vast numbers of different gods. Some of these gods were worshiped with horrible rites until this was

forbidden by the British government. One of these gods, called the Juggernaut, was a great idol drawn from temple to temple in a car on wheels. Before this awful god the Hindus threw themselves and their children, believing that if they were crushed to death by it they would win happiness in the life hereafter.

5. India is as large as Germany, Austria, France, and Spain all rolled into one. There are about three times as many people living there as there are in the whole of the United States.

6. In India most of the people earn their living by raising rice, wheat, and other crops. These they grind themselves.

7. The Hindu considers many animals sacred. The most sacred of all is the cow. To kill or injure a cow is a terrible sin in the eyes of a Hindu.

8. There are many thousand little girl widows in India between the ages of five and nine. They are scolded and punished, and told that their husbands die because the little girls were so wicked.

9. One of the hardest things for the missionaries to stand in India is the climate. Think of living where the sun burns up every green thing and where it is often so hot at night that you cannot sleep. In the rainy season it is so damp that shoes become covered with white mold over night and clothes quickly collect mildew. There are mosquitoes, centipedes, awful spiders, and very poisonous snakes in India.

10. Ramabai was a little child-widow who came to England and America. She was so sorry for other little child-widows that after her education was fin-

ished she went back to her own country to help them. Once when there was a terrible famine she went out and gathered together three hundred starving little girls. God put it into the hearts of kind people to send her means to take care of them.

11. A mother in India was asked what medicine she had used for her baby's sore eyes. This was the answer: "A donkey's tooth ground up with charcoal. I put the powder in my baby's eyes."

12. The caste system of India decrees that every boy must do just what his father did. A sweeper's son must be a sweeper. But the mission schools teach the boys and girls that they can rise above these dreadful rules and become what they wish according to their own ability.

13. More than half of the people of India are hungry most all the time. Sometimes the rain fails to come in June, and then there is a dreadful famine. The poor people must then eat bark of trees or grass roots. Fathers and mothers go without food that the little which they have may be given to their children.

14. Nellie heard of a famine in India and said, "I love Jesus and must do something for him. If I give my five dollars, will the money feed an orphan in India for a while?"

"It will," said the teacher. "It will feed and care for one the whole year."

"Then take it and send it for me," said Nellie.

SOME GOOD STORIES FROM THE FAR EAST

Suggestions: The following stories are adapted from *New Etchings of Old India*,¹ by Brenton T. Badley. They may be mastered and told by different individuals, or presented as readings on successive Sundays.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER RETURNS TO INDIA

NOT long ago a missionary to India met a wounded soldier in Bombay. He had just returned from the trenches in Europe. He was on crutches, one leg was gone, and one side of his face was disfigured by an ugly wound.

Said the missionary, "You are returning from France?"

"Yes," said the soldier, "at last I have seen your country."

"And what do you remember the best?" the missionary inquired.

The tall young Indian hesitated a moment, smiled in his open boyish way, and replied: "I think it is the cows." "Why," said he, "those animals seemed to be full of milk, and it was rich and yellow and full of cream."

This boy had grown up among the fields and the cattle of India. As he continued the conversation he said, earnestly, "We must have the same kind of cows in India."

Tens of thousands of soldiers have returned from

¹ Published by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, price 25 cents.

Europe to India. Ordinarily, under the rules of the caste system, these men would have been received in disgrace, for it is decreed that no one can cross the water without losing caste, but even the shackles of caste are being broken in these days. These brave boys of India made a large contribution to the military strength of the battlefront of France, but they have received very much in return for their contribution.

The young man just mentioned, when pressed further, acknowledged that he had been greatly struck with the culture and education of the women whom he had seen in France.

"I wish our women were educated like yours," he said. "Now I have a sister at home; she is thirteen, a beautiful girl, but she is as ignorant as a parrot shut up in a cage. All she knows is what she has heard others say. If my sister could be put through high school and college, she would be the equal of any young lady that I have seen, but here she does not know anything. She is to be married in a few months. She will have many children, and at twenty-five her beauty will be gone. At thirty-five she will be just another ignorant old woman."

As this young soldier enlarged upon his experiences in France it developed that he had been remarkably impressed by the fact that the beautiful and educated young ladies whom he had seen were able to read to the men in the hospitals. He felt that his country had missed much by denying to its women education and the opportunity to develop the powers with which they were endowed by nature. "We have seen our

mistake," he said, "and have learned our lesson. The young men who are coming back from France will see to it that some things in India are changed."

Fortunately, the missionary was able to give some very definite suggestions as to what this young man might do in the case of his sister. He told him to go to the principal of the school for girls at Lahore and tell the story of his sister. It may be that this chance incident saved one girl at least from the unhappy fate which awaited her.

Thus it comes about that the war in Europe is having its reaction on lands very far removed from the scenes of the European conflict.

And we in America can make possible for the newly awakened young men and women of India the opportunities which so many of us, no more worthy than they, have had.

SELLING BIBLES IN INDIA

A number of missionaries were on their way to an Annual Conference in India. They were watching the various peddlers who passed through the train with sweetmeats, fruits, cigarettes, cheap toys, and cheap, vile novels. At last an old man appeared who was selling Gospel portions and complete Bibles.

"Are you having good sales?" asked one of the missionaries.

"Yes," said the old man, "the people are very much interested. The war has cut down the amount of money which they have to spend, but they are more than ever eager to know about the Christian religion."

Then he went on to relate an experience he had had several months before. The old man was unable to get down to meet the trains one day, and his son, little more than a boy, asked to take his place. There stepped off the train that day a Hindu religious teacher. He entered into conversation with the boy, with the result that he went home with the youngster and stayed several weeks. During this time the Hindu teacher devoted himself to the study of the Bible, particularly the Gospels and the Epistles. Through his reading and his conversations with the old Bible seller his entire thinking underwent a transformation, and he at length announced that he was ready for baptism. The conversion of this Hindu leader and teacher made a profound impression on the entire Hindu community, and, as a result, two hundred people have already been baptized, and the way is open for bringing many more into the Christian Church. The Hindu himself is now preaching the gospel in other parts of India.

A STRANGE TALE

When the train had pulled out of the station one of the older missionaries told the story of the Bible-seller himself. One day he was on his way to worship at a famous temple in North India when he was attracted by a crowd. He saw a fellow Hindu tear to pieces a book which had been given to him by a Christian preacher. One piece of this little book fell before the traveler. He stooped and picked it up, largely because of curiosity aroused by the other man's treatment. "It

must be a very bad book," he thought. The page which he found in his hands had on it the entire sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John. The attention of the reader was aroused, for the teaching was new and strange. He stepped up to the Christian teacher and asked for a copy of the book which had the entire page in it. With this in his hands he went on his way. Through the reading and study of this Gospel he was converted to Christianity, and a short time after was baptized.

AND STILL ANOTHER

When the older missionary had finished this story another in the group told of a man of his acquaintance who was converted through reading a soiled page in which a piece of Indian taffy had been wrapped. It was a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, and the "love your enemies" statement changed his thinking. The man was a big Mohammedan, six feet four inches tall, and as bigoted as big. He was in jail for assault when this slip of paper came to his attention. When he got out of jail he secured a copy of the book from a Bible-seller. It was a two-cent edition of the Gospel of Matthew. A study of this book led to the man's conversion.

There is not time here to tell the rest of the conversation of these missionaries as they went on their way to that Annual Conference in India, but perhaps we have heard enough to discover that strange and wonderful things are happening in India to-day, and that we have a chance to help them to happen rapidly

by strengthening the work which the church has begun in India.

PUSHING THEM BACK

“Why do you Christians obey only half of Christ’s great command?”

These words startled a missionary who was sitting under a tree on the outskirts of a large village in India. Looking up he saw a tall, angular man standing opposite him.

“Why, my brother, these are strange words of yours. What do you mean?” said the missionary.

The first speaker then went on to explain what he meant. “The Bible,” he said, “tells how Christ gave a last great commandment to his people, instructing them to go into all the world to preach the gospel and baptize the people. But you,” said he, “preach and will not baptize.”

“I do not understand you,” replied the missionary, who knew that two thousand people in that district had been baptized that very year.

The Indian speaker then told how a great desire to accept Jesus Christ had come over the people of his district. Three thousand men from fifty villages in the district, with women and children representing a total of some fifteen thousand persons, came together and talked all day about becoming Christians. After careful consideration they decided to take this step. By becoming Christians in a group they would avoid the persecution which would be possible if only a few of them accepted Christianity. “But,” said the

speaker, "we are now sorry that we ever came to any such decision."

"Why is this?" exclaimed the missionary.

"Because," said the Indian, "your church has refused to baptize us. When we went to see your missionary he told us that we would have to wait; that there were no extra funds in the missionary treasury, and that no more workers could be supported. You have to wait for money from America which is very far off. But money or no money it is too late now. We have changed our minds.

For many years the missionaries have been preaching in India, "Repent and be baptized." But now the number who wait to be baptized has become so great that the church, for lack of workers, is compelled to say, "Go back to your villages; we cannot baptize you."

As the missionary looked out upon the plain where those fifteen thousand natives of India had met and decided to become Christians, and had been "pushed back," he saw in his imagination hundreds of thousands of poor, ragged, weary, oppressed natives struggling forward toward the light. And then he saw hands—countless hands—pushing them back into the darkness. They were white hands like his own—American hands.

As he gazed on that empty plain, the missionary resolved in his heart that America should hear not only of the fifteen thousand who had met on that plain, but also of the thousands who are to-day being "pushed back" because we are not ready to minister to them.

IX

JAPAN

BEGINNING A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN JAPAN

Suggestions: The following demonstration is arranged by Anita B. Ferris, based on Out-door Sunday Schools in Japan, by the Rev. J. Merwin Hull. In presenting this program it will be necessary to borrow several children from the Primary or younger Junior grades.

[*Scene:* A street in Japan. The properties may be very simple; bunches of "cherry" blossoms—bare branches with pink paper twisted on—whatever flowers are in season, and a few screens in the background to represent houses, and Japanese lanterns hung here and there.]

CHARACTERS

O Toshi San—a native teacher.

O Taki San }
O Haru San } —older pupils of a mission school.

A dozen Japanese children, boys and girls (the youngest Junior children and Primary pupils).

[Enter the children (dressed in costume). The larger girls have dolls bound on their backs like babies. They all play ball, tossing it from one to another and scrambling for it. They should play and laugh naturally. In the midst of the children's game enter the teachers.]

O Haru San: This is the place about which Miss Constant told us.

O Toshi San: Yes, this is the place, and it is a good

one, I know. Here are a dozen children already. Let's begin at once: Now, O Haru San. [O Haru San sings, "Wonderful Words of Life." The children stop playing to listen.]

First Japanese Boy: What is that they are doing?

Second Boy: Let's go and see.

First Little Girl: Don't you go! Maybe it's some of those Jesus people. My honorable grandmother says they'll eat you up if they catch you.

Third Boy: O, come on! They won't touch you.

O Toshi San [turning to O Haru San]: Suppose we sing "Jesus Loves Me."

O Haru San: Now, children, I want you to listen *hard* to what I sing, because when I have sung it once, you are going to sing it with me. [The children look at one another and laugh. O Haru San sings first verse.] Now [lifting her hand] all together with me—sing! [They all join in the chorus. The children need not be careful always to keep the tune.]

First Boy [laughing and pointing to baby on the back of one of the girls]: Look at the baby; he's singing too! [All the children laugh and look at the baby.]

O Toshi San: Now, O Taki San. [O Taki San unrolls a scroll which represents Correggio's "Holy Night." If this picture is not available another picture of the baby Jesus may be used.]

The Children [crowding around]: Oh-h-h, isn't it lovely!

Second Little Girl: See the baby in its mother's arms! Wonder where its sister is?

Fourth Little Boy: Look, the flying ones, up in the sky!

First Little Girl: They must be going to carry away the baby. My grandmother told me——

Third Little Boy: Nonsense! Don't talk about your honorable grandmother. Don't you see the flying ones are singing!

O Toshi San: Should you like to hear a story about this picture?

All the Children: Yes, yes. We will listen to your honorable words.

O Toshi San: God is our Father in heaven, who loves us very much. He loves each boy and girl. He wants us to be good and kind, and in order that we may know how to be, long ago he sent his Son Jesus to show us. The Son left his lovely home in heaven and was born a little baby here on this earth. Here he is in the picture; that is his mother bending over him so tenderly, and above the "flying ones" are angels, who live with God in heaven. The angels were so happy to think God loved the world so much that he was willing to send his only Son to teach the people how to be kind and good, that they too came down the night the little baby was born and sang this wonderful song [reads from Bible] "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." With that the angels were gone.

Some shepherds who were taking care of their sheep on the hills that night, heard the song of the angels, and were told by them that a Saviour had been born, and where to look for him. Of course they went to

find him, and here they are before the little baby looking at him in wonder.

All in the picture are very, very happy. And we are happy too, because we have such a loving heavenly Father, who will always take care of us if we ask him to, and because of the little Baby who came down to earth to help us.

[As O Taki San starts to roll up scroll a little girl reaches up and gently holds the paper down so that she may look at the Baby once more.]

The Children: O, please tell us more, honorable lady.

O Toshi San: Next week! There are many more stories about the little baby Jesus when he grew up, and I know you will like to hear how he loved little children. Come, and tell all the other boys and girls who live near here to come too. Will you do that?

Boys: Yes, most certainly, honorable lady.

O Haru San: Shall we sing before we say good-by, that little song over again that we sang a few minutes ago? I think we can understand it better now.

[All sing "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know." If possible, the children should leave the stage by the opposite way from the teachers.]

Children [waving hands]: Sayonara, sayonara, good-by. We will come again next week.

THE FALL OF THE GODS

Suggestions: The following story, arranged by Madeleine Sweeny Miller, is based upon a letter from Miss E. Bodley, of Japan. It presents a close-up view of a prominent Buddhist's conversion. It is supposed to be related by a deposed Japanese idol. Before the service a rude, wooden idol may be secured and placed on pulpit or table within sight of the school, with heavy cord tied about it to indicate that it has been broken. Care should be used in selecting a story-teller of charm who can hold attention of school.

Hymn [by School]: "Praise the Saviour, All Ye Nations" (Lowell Mason).

Leader: You are wondering what this peculiar object is in front of you. I shall let it relate its own interesting story.

THE IDOL'S STORY

More than two hundred years ago I was made by a famous Japanese carver of idols and sold at once into a high-class family by the name of Nemura. Here I was given a place of honor on the god-shelf with the other idols, and each morning a tiny bowl of freshly cooked rice was placed before me. From my high shelf I saw children born, grow up into maturity, marry and die. And so, for many years I was handed down from father to eldest son as the most treasured family possession.

Fifty years ago I found myself in the family of Mr. Kiotatsu Nemura, master of a Tokyo school. There were five children in that Buddhist family, the young-

est being a son, Masumi. About seven years ago my master died and I was taken to Formosa to live with the son who had become a captain in the Japanese army. My old mistress lived in Tokyo with her daughter, who had married a Christian minister.

Not far from my home with Captain Nemura there was a large school for girls which they called a Christian school, supported by Americans. Until last year we knew little of Christianity, because no one in our barracks was a Christian. One day in the spring of 1917 some of the teachers came over to call on the wife of our head officer, inviting her and her friends to a foreign cooking class, and, as Captain Nemura is fond of the foreigners' food, he quickly consented for my young mistress to attend the classes, even though the teacher had said that there would be one hour of Bible study before each lesson.

After the first session Mrs. Nemura came home happy, for she had learned to make the foreigners' soup. She also brought home a little book, which, it seems was the newest half of the Christians' Bible. But before the next lesson her three little girls contracted measles, and by the time they had recovered, it was summer and the foreign teacher had gone away, so there were no more lessons for my mistress.

Then one day I heard my master say that his mother had become a Christian. I thought it very strange, for my family had always been such strong Buddhists, but I little realized then how much the decision of my old mistress would affect my own life. For one day in April my master was called suddenly to Tokyo,

where his mother was very, very ill. A few days later we were all shocked when my young mistress received a telegram from him saying that he too had become a Christian.

It seems that when my old mistress knew that she could not recover she asked to be baptized, and when her last hour came she asked for her glasses and Bible. After reading the fourteenth chapter of John in silence she turned to her son and said, "If you do not believe in Him, you cannot be saved." My master is a dutiful son, but having been an earnest Buddhist scholar for years, he could not obey his mother's last words. But when he stood alone in the room by her casket he picked up her Bible which lay open at the place she had read. Then he thought to himself, "Perhaps if I studied this, I too might find the real meaning of 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' " From that time on he had no rest, and the next day at the funeral service he decided that he *must* believe. So, kneeling before his mother's casket, he offered his first prayer to God in heaven:

"O Lord, before you there are two bodies. One is cold and lies in the casket. The other kneels here, speaking to you for the first time. These two bodies were once one flesh, before you made them two, forty years ago, and called one 'mother' and the other 'son.' You have shown your glory to the one while the other was growing cold. I now believe that you can make this one worthy to serve you as the other one did because once they were one and the same. O Lord, this is such a big desire. Please help me to keep it

always the one desire of my life. I ask you this in the name of Jesus Christ, my dear Saviour."

On Saturday my master returned home, so anxious to tell his experiences in Tokyo that he could scarcely eat the feast which had been prepared. That night he ate his food with his children and there was no *sake* on the table. Always before he had had his meals served alone, with the quart of *sake* never lacking. After dinner a terrible thing happened! My master tore down from the wall the shelf on which I stood and broke into many pieces all the gods but me, whom he shut up in a drawer to be saved as a family relic, commanding that I was not to be taken out again.

The next day being Sunday, my master told my mistress that he had heard of a Christian Sunday school in a nearby village and said that she must take the maid and the children and go to find it. So they started, the maid with the baby strapped to her back, and our mistress holding a hand of each of the older girls. In her sleeve she carried a tiny package of Sunday school cards which my master had brought from Tokyo, to present to the teacher. They found the house, where forty or fifty children were sitting on the floor listening to the teacher, who stood under the god-shelf, telling the story of Jesus Christ. After the story was over, the children sang a song and bowed; then stepping into their wooden shoes at the door, all clattered out into the street. My mistress said to the teacher, "My lord has very suddenly decided to become a Christian, so I must now study hard to learn the Bible."

My master was already a changed man, spending his evenings romping with his girls, but not as he used to do when he had drunk more *sake* than usual.

Our mistress must have felt sorry for me, because one day she took me out and set me on top of the chest of drawers. Whether she forgot to put me back in my prison, or whether my master came back earlier than she expected him, I do not know; but when he saw me sitting up there he was more angry than I have ever seen him, and calling for his long fish knife, said, "I thought I could not destroy this for my family's sake, but if it is going to stand in the way of your becoming a Christian, it too must go." Then he chopped me into many pieces and ordered me to be thrown into the kindling-wood box with a lot of common trash. My poor little mistress, and the maid and children too, cried very hard, and suddenly, in the midst of the commotion, the foreign teacher appeared at the door. After a few words of apology my master told her that he had given every soldier in the barracks a pamphlet telling of his conversion and urging him to seek similar happiness in Christianity and the abandonment of *sake*. Before the teacher left she saw that my master was going to be just as earnest in his Christian as he had been in his Buddhist faith and requested him to give her all my pieces to be used in her Christian work. So they fitted me together and bound me around the waist with cords.

My new home in the Christian school is very different from my other ones. Although I cannot understand the queer language spoken here, I was the center

of attraction for several evenings. One day Captain Nemura and his wife invited many military friends to their house for a memorial service for his mother. After the Japanese pastor had spoken on "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life" my old master got up and told his friends why he had become a Christian and how wicked it was for them to drink *sake* and smoke so many cigarettes. It seemed strange to the guests, but they could say nothing, as there was only one officer in the barracks superior to Captain Nemura. My old master has since been made a general and my life in the stuffy table drawer at the Hakodate Girls' School is very quiet and uneventful. It is certainly a great change from the good old days when I was the most important member of the Nemura family, but I suppose that the fall of all my fellow-gods is bound to come, too.

Song: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"—second and third stanzas, emphasizing the lines:

"The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."

X

LABRADOR

THE DEEP SEA DOCTOR'S CHALLENGE

Suggestions: The following program, featuring a call to service, imaginatively issued by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell of the Labrador Mission, arranged by Madeleine Sweeny Miller, is based upon articles in Saint Nicholas by M. R. Parkman and A. C. Kendall. It requires the following

PARTICIPANTS

Dr. Grenfell, a middle-aged man of forceful personality, with mustache.

A Harvard Junior.

A group of young men and women from Senior Department, representing Student Volunteers.

[All are seated on platform at beginning of service.]

Hymn: [Announced by superintendent for entire school] "Eternal Father, Strong to Save."

Harvard Junior [Addressing group on platform]: I want you folks to realize that you are about to have one of the greatest treats of your life in hearing Dr. Grenfell, superintendent of the Labrador Medical Mission, unique among living missionaries. The students of Harvard flock to hear him when he comes to lecture there. I've been lucky enough to spend two vacations with him, curing fisher folks in that bleak and rugged land of wind-swept reefs and ice floes.

And there isn't a student in Harvard who wouldn't rather have an invitation from Dr. Grenfell than a bid to the strongest fraternity in the land. I claim the privilege of introducing to you the good doctor, who, in his merciful little craft, braves the storms of that most dangerous of all sea-coasts and endures the hardships of arctic winters just to care for the lonely fisherman of the Labrador—Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell.

Dr. Grenfell: Don't think for a moment that I am a martyr, for I have a jolly good time of it. There's nothing like a really good scrimmage to make a fellow feel that he is alive. I learned that in my football days at Oxford, and the Labrador gives even better chances to know the joy of winning out in the adventure of life. You may wonder how I chanced to go to that lonely land at all. One day, while studying medicine in London, I was attracted by the excitement of an enormous crowd outside of a tent in the notorious White Chapel district. I entered; a new faith dawned upon me that God had given me talents of which I had not even known; that he not only had saved me, but would *use* me. In the city there were already doctors to spare. Why should I hang out my sign there when away on the northern coasts of Newfoundland there were thirty thousand people practically without medical care? In my hospital-schooner "Albert," I made my first cruise, ministering in three months to nine hundred patients. People who saw me put out in a worn-out whale boat in terrific gales, thought me a madman with a charmed life. My boat capsized, swamped, blew out on the rocks, was driven

out to sea, reported lost, but always turned up in the harbor, all hands tingling with the zest of the conflict.

Harvard Junior: Tell them, doctor, who the people are to whom you minister.

Dr. Grenfell: Simple, rugged men. Besides the scattered groups of Eskimos in the north who hunt walrus and seal, and the Indians who roam in the interior for animal skins, there are a few thousand English-speaking people scattered along the coast. In the summer many thousands of fishermen come to share in the profit of the cod and salmon industries. Accidents, due to crashing ice floes, are frequent; few of the folks know how to swim, for as an old skipper once explained, "We has enough o' the water without goin' to bother wi' it when we *are* ashore."

Student Volunteer [with interest]: Doctor, what is the most terrible experience you have had in the Labrador?

Dr. Grenfell: It was on Easter Sunday, 1908, that word came to the hospital that a boy was very ill in a village sixty miles away. To reach him by boat was impossible, so I got my small "komatik," or sledge, ready and started off with my eight splendid dogs who had carried me through so many tight places. While crossing a ten-mile arm of the sea on salt-water ice, a sudden change in the wind broke the bridge asunder and I found myself adrift on an ice-pan with a widened chasm between it and land. Quickly I cut the harness of the dogs to keep them from being dragged down after the sled. I then discovered myself soaking wet, with extra clothing and sledge gone and only the

remotest chance of being rescued. Floating pans of slob ice made swimming impossible. Night came and I was obliged to sacrifice three of my dogs and clothe myself in their skins to keep from freezing. Then, thus protected from the bitter wind, I fell asleep. When daylight came I took off my gayly colored shirt and, with the leg-bones of the slain dogs as a pole, constructed a flag of distress. At last I saw the gleam of an oar and I could hardly believe my eyes, which were indeed almost snow-blinded. Then appeared a man waving to me, and in a moment came the blessed sound of a friendly voice. The men had an exciting time reaching shore, but mounted the bank at last and rushed me to the hospital by sledge.

Harvard Junior: Yes, and the old fishermen who rescued him afterward told some one: "The first thing he said when he became conscious again was how wonderful sorry he was of getting into such a mess and giving me the trouble of coming out for un. Then he fretted about the b'y he was going to see and us tol' un his life was worth more 'n the b'y, fur *he could save others.*" And in the hospital hallway the doctor had placed a bronze tablet with this stirring inscription:

"To the Memory of Three Noble Dogs, Moody, Watch, and Spy, whose lives were given for mine on the ice, April 21, 1908—Wilfred Grenfell."

[During this recital Dr. Grenfell is deeply stirred with emotion.]

Student Volunteer: I have heard that the little

village of Saint Anthony is called Dr. Grenfell's town. What is to be seen there?

Harvard Junior: A hospital over whose doors are inscribed the words: "Faith, Hope, and Love abide, but the greatest of these is Love"; an orphanage whose superscription is: "Suffer little children to come unto me"; a church prim and white, where on Sunday evenings the weather-beaten fishermen crowd to hear Dr. Grenfell read the story of the prodigal son—O I wish all the fellows at home could hear that!

Dr. Grenfell: Don't forget the cooperative stores built to save the poverty-stricken people from mortgaging their season's catch to buy the necessities of life; and the schooner-building yard and the cooperage for fish barrels. The two jails we have made into clubs.

Harvard Junior: Dr. Grenfell has financed these schemes himself with the help of friends. All the income from his books and lectures, too, he gives, keeping nothing but his small salary as mission doctor. Stores, fox-farms, reindeer, sawmills—all are deeded to the Deep-Sea Mission. O folks, it is great to be even a student "wop" shoveling coal for Dr. Grenfell back of the hospital, or harrowing straggling fields.

Dr. Grenfell: Young people, whether in the Labrador, or Siam, India or Iceland, enter somewhere the service that is perfect freedom, the service of the King of kings. Life is indeed a glorious adventure, whose meaning is service and whose end is eternity.

[The Student Volunteers all rise and sing: "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord." The entire school joins in the last two verses.

XI

MEDICAL

A PLEA FOR MEDICAL MISSIONS

Suggestions: The following plea for medical missions should be mastered in advance and presented as a reading or declamation by some member of the department. It may be used just before the missionary offering. It should be preceded by a brief introductory statement by the leader.

I SPEAK of the men and women who risk their lives in the relief of suffering and to set forth the Christian ideal of caring for the stricken ones.

In the early days of Jesus's ministry John the Baptist sent messengers to Jesus to discover whether he was really the Christ. "In that hour," the story relates, "he cured many of the diseases and plagues and evil spirits; and on many that were blind he bestowed sight."

Then Jesus turned to the messengers and said, "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached."

What further proof was needed! Were not Jesus's deeds of mercy sufficient credentials as to his character?

Healing of the body was not an afterthought with Jesus. From the first it has been an inherent part of

the Christian program, and as such it has been peculiar to Christianity. To be sure, "doctors" are to be found in all parts of the world; but scientifically trained medical practitioners, hospitals, the treatment of the needy without price, hygiene, sanitation, and preventive medicine are not to be found outside of Christian influences.

A large proportion of the people of the world are born, live, and die without once having the services of a trained physician. In India alone the number of natives living entirely out of reach of medical care is estimated to be greater than the present population of the United States.

In our own way we have been trying to give the world the best that we have. To do less would be less than Christian. We may ask, "Does it pay?" The essential query, however, for us is rather, "Does it help relieve a little of the suffering of the world? Does it bring cheer to many who sadly need cheer? Does it afford us an opportunity to show the world what Jesus meant when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"?

Thus through us is the Christ bringing healing of body as well as soul to multitudes who without our help would not have a fair chance at the good things of life.

"A MISSIONARY AND A HALF"

Suggestions: The following story may be presented as a recitation or a reading by a pupil.

A "MISSIONARY and a half" is a missionary doctor. There is always a welcome in every Chinese home for those who can cure the sick.

"Mother, mother," cried a small boy, "I don't want to see the doctor!"

"Don't cry, son. He will surely make you better," replied the mother. But her heart was heavy, for she knew Chinese doctors often gave most painful treatment to the sick.

The doctor to whom they went was a tall Chinaman, wearing a huge pair of spectacles and dressed in a flowing silk robe. First he asked the mother if she had left any doors open through which evil spirits might enter; then he told her to undress the sick boy. The doctor then took a rusty old needle, eight inches long, and ran it more than once into the boy's flesh to drive out the evil spirits.

Screaming with pain and terror, the little boy was finally carried home. He was laid on a brick bed, and for days seemed nearly dead.

"Why don't you take your boy to the missionary doctor?" asked a kind neighbor. "She has helped many."

"I am afraid to go there," said the worried mother. "They say these foreign doctors take out children's eyes to make medicine."

"I am sure that isn't true," replied the neighbor, "for I have been to see them, and they are very kind. You know our doctors are not helping your boy."

"My boy will die, I know," moaned the mother, "unless I do something quickly. Yes! I think I will try the missionary doctor," and so she sought her out.

The missionary doctor reached out her hands for the sick boy, but he looked at her with frightened eyes and screamed in terror, "Don't pierce me! Don't pierce me!"

The doctor showed her empty hands. He saw that she held no awful needle. She gave him some medicine made into a sugar ball, not like the horrible stuff which the Chinese doctor had given him.

The next day the sick boy came again and said, with beaming face, "The medicine made me a little better; please give me some more." He liked the little sugar balls.

It was not long before the little sick boy became strong and well, and the people all around knew what a wonderful thing the "Jesus doctor" had done.

XII

MEXICO

IN "CACTUS LAND"

Suggestions: The following story, adapted from a program by Augusta Walden Comstock, may be mastered and told by the Superintendent or by a member of the department.

WE are to think to-day of our neighbor on the south of us, that great country of Mexico, sometimes called "Cactus Land" because so many varieties of the thorny, prickly cactus grow there.

I am going to ask you in a minute to find and read a chapter in this book [show Bible] with me. Do you know that in Mexico there are many people who have never even heard of the Bible? Let me tell you how one man first saw it and what he thought of it.

"I want to preach," said a young Mexican by the name of Lazarus, after he had become a Christian. "I'm afraid you can't," replied the missionary, "for you have never been to school and cannot even read."

"I know what I can do," said Lazarus. "I can take Bibles and sell them."

So they secured a white mule and made two large packs of Bibles, and Lazarus set off with them across the mountains to a little town where no one had ever seen a Bible. He rode straight up to the market place, where all kinds of articles, such as chickens, vegetables, and fruits were displayed for sale. Tying his

mule, Lazarus opened his packs and spread out his Bibles, putting on top a large Bible with gilt edges.

Soon up rode Don Juan, and pointing to the large Bible, asked, "What is that book?"

"Don't you know that book?" asked Lazarus. "Can you read?"

"No, I can't read, but I have some children at home who can," answered Don Juan.

"That's a book you ought to have then," insisted Lazarus.

"How much is it?"

"Three dollars."

"You say it is good; then I'll take it," and paying the three dollars, Don Juan took it away with him.

At home his children read it to him, and the more they read the more interested he became. Finally he said, "I wonder if the priest knows about that book. It tells so much about Peter and John and other saints, I'm sure he'd like to see it."

But when he showed the book the priest was very angry. He tore out many of the leaves, threw them and the Bible on the ground, and stamped on them, shouting, "That's a bad book—a bad book!"

Astonished, Don Juan picked up the book and answered, "All right. If it's bad, I know just where I bought it. I'll go and get my money back."

Seeking out Lazarus, he said, "I want my money back. That is a bad book you sold me."

"Who told you it was bad?"

"The priest, so give me back my money."

"If you can find a single bad thing in it," replied

Lazarus, "if you can find one place where it teaches you to be a bad father, to lie, to steal, to gamble, or to speak bad words, you come back one week from to-day and I will give you back your money."

Doubtfully and reluctantly Don Juan went away, and Lazarus sought out the chief officer of the town and told him how the priest had torn and soiled the Bible. The official summoned the priest and told him he must pay for the Bible or go to court to be tried. Fearing he might have to pay the court charges besides paying for the Bible, the priest paid the three dollars.

So Don Juan found that Jesus Christ loves him and is his Saviour, and to-day he and all his family are members of a Protestant church.

Do you suppose he'd sell that torn and soiled Bible? Not for any money. The missionary tried to buy it that he might show it when he told his story, but Don Juan answered: "It is a precious treasure to me, for it brought me to Christ. I must keep it always."

XIII

PACIFIC ISLES

A MAP TALK ON MALAYSIA

Suggestions: A good map of the Malay Archipelago should be available for this talk. It may be made in advance by a member of the department. The various larger islands should be carefully named and the relation of the Archipelago to Southeastern Asia indicated. As far as possible indicate on the map the various mission stations. Draw out by questions as much information from the group as possible. The following facts will serve as a basis for the talk:

THE Malay Archipelago is the largest system of island groups in the world.

It is situated between southeastern Asia and Australia. It separates the Pacific from the Indian Ocean. It lies entirely within the tropics.

Malaysia, excluding New Guinea, has a total area of some 745,000 square miles.

If England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales with the Irish Sea were put down in Borneo, there would be a strip of jungle a hundred miles deep all around these.

Sumatra is as large as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and two thirds of Indiana.

The estimated population of Malaysia is 50,000,000, but Malaysia is so productive that she could supply homes and food for one third of the human race.

The islands are all mountains, the highest peak being Mount Kinabalu in Borneo.

Most of these islands are abundantly watered and covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation.

"When you washed your face this morning the soap was probably made from coconut oil from Malaysia. Malaysia probably furnished the rattan for the cane-bottomed chair in which you sat and the tinware in the kitchen where your breakfast was cooked. You put Java sugar in your Java coffee, or your Java tea or your Java cocoa. You put Borneo pepper on your eggs. Your coffee cake was seasoned with Malaysia spices, and your pudding was made of Malaysia tapioca and seasoned with Malaysia nutmeg. Your peanut butter was made of Malaysia peanuts. Your laundryman uses Malaysia bluing, and the tires on your car are from Malaysia rubber. You wear a Java straw hat in your garden, and your neighbor smokes a Sumatra cigar. Your dentist uses Malaysia cocaine, and your doctor gives you Malaysia quinine for your malaria and Malaysia capsicum for your indigestion."

The Portuguese first began trading in Malaysia, but at present most of the islands are controlled by the Dutch. The Philippines, however, belong to the United States, and the British have possessions in North Borneo, Singapore, and a few other places.

With the exception of Java, Malaysia is one vast jungle. The tropical climate and rich soil makes the vegetation grow in great profusion.

Java, about the size of New York State, is the most important island of Malaysia. It lies just south of the equator.

Java is long and narrow, its greatest length being 666 miles. Its breadth varies from 46 to 121 miles.

Java is one of the largest and most populous islands in the world. It is unsurpassed in its fertility and the beauty of its scenery.

Java has 45 volcanic peaks with 14 active volcanoes in one area 20 by 35 miles.

During historic ages these volcanoes have destroyed tens of thousands of lives. Sometimes an entire mountain explodes.

The white man here must avoid the direct rays of the sun during the heat of the day, but breezes render life comfortable all the year around. Violent storms are unknown, though terrific lightning and thunder are frequent.

Java produces rice, sugar, cotton, coffee, and a multitude of other things too numerous to mention.

Java has many wild animals, including tigers, leopards, monkeys, and numerous others.

Insects are without number, and there are more than 300 species of land birds. The sea abounds in fish, 600 different species being known. In a little more than one hundred years the population of Java has increased from 3,000,000 to more than 30,000,000.

Nominally the Javanese are Mohammedans, and they pay great respect to a returned pilgrim from Mecca.

Buddhism was, however, introduced early into Java, and the most elaborate monument of the Buddhistic style of architecture existing in the world to-day is the Boro Buddor of Java.

There are fewer missionaries in Java than there are fingers on your two hands, and each missionary is forced to earn his own living in addition to doing missionary work. This he does by teaching; yet there are more people in Java than in the United States west of the Mississippi River and including Wisconsin and Michigan.

In most of the other islands of Malaysia the needs and opportunities are as great or greater in proportion to the population than in Java.

THE SINKING OF THE WELL

Suggestions: The following dialogue, arranged by Dora N. Abbott, is adapted from the story of John G. Paton as written by himself. Three characters are necessary: the Missionary Superintendent to read explanatory parts, a Boy to represent John G. Paton, and another Boy to represent a native. Costumes are unnecessary, but the following may be used if desired: Paton, a white suit, the native any cotton shirt and trousers.

Missionary Superintendent: ANIVA is a flat coral island where rain is scarce. The natives at certain seasons drank very unwholesome water. The best water they had was the juice of the coconut. Paton and his household needed fresh water and so he planned the sinking of the well.

[Enter *Paton* and the *Native Chief*]

Paton: I am going to dig a deep well into the earth to see if our God will send us up fresh water from below.

Native Chief: O, Missi! Wait till the rain comes down and we will save all we can possible for you.

Paton: We may die for lack of water. If no fresh water can be got, we may be forced to leave you.

Native Chief: O, Missi! You must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?

Paton: Fresh water does come springing up from the earth at home and I hope to see it here also.

Native Chief: O, Missi, your head is going wrong;

you are losing something, or you would not talk like! Don't let the people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain or they will never listen to your word or believe you again.

[Speaking to himself]

Poor Missi! That's the way they all talk. That's the way they all do who go mad. There's no driving a notion out of their heads. We must watch him now. He will find it harder to work with pick and shovel than with his pen, and when he is tired we will persuade him to stop.

Paton [holding up a large fish hook]: One of these to every man who fills and turns over three buckets of dirt out of this hole.

(*Two weeks later*)

Missionary Superintendent: The hole which was twelve feet deep the evening before is found caved in when they come to work in the morning.

[Enter *Paton* and *Chief*]

Chief: You are making your own grave and ours too. All your fish hooks will not tempt my men to go into that hole now. They don't want to be buried with you. Will you not give it up now? [Exit *both*.]

Missionary Superintendent: By means of an extemporized pulley and block with a rope to pull up the bucket of dirt, Paton was able to continue work in the well. A native preacher hired the men to walk on the ground and pull up the buckets of dirt when Paton rang a little bell as signal.

[Enter *Paton* and *Chief*.]

Paton: I believe God will give us water from this hole to-morrow. It is thirty feet deep.

Native Chief: No, Missi! You will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We expect daily if you reach water to see you drop through into the sea and the sharks will eat you. That will be the end of it: death to you and danger to us all.

Paton: Come to-morrow. I hope and believe God will send you rain through the earth. [Exit both.]

Missionary Superintendent: Paton comes early next morning and begins digging, bringing a jug with him.

Paton: I will dig a narrow hole in the center of the bottom about two feet deep and see if I will reach water. Here is water! Fresh water! [Comes up with a jug full.]

[Enter *Chief*.]

Paton: Taste it!

Native Chief: Rain! Rain! How did you get it?

Paton: My God gave it to me out of his own earth in answer to our labors and prayers. Go and see it springing up.

Native Chief [looking carefully over the edge]: Wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God. Will it always come, or will it come and go? Will you or your family drink it all?

Paton: You and all your people may come and drink and carry away as much as you wish. The more we use the fresher it will become.

Native Chief: Missi, what can we do to help you now?

Paton: Let every man and woman carry from the

shore the largest coral blocks they can find. You have seen it all cave in once. We must build it round with great coral blocks to make the sides strong. I will clear it out and prepare a foundation. It is well worth the toil to preserve Jehovah's great gift.

Native Chief: Missi, you have been strong to work. Your strength has fled. But rest here beside us and just point out where each block is to be laid. We will lay them there, we will build them solidly and no man shall sleep till all is done.

THE GREATHEART OF NEW GUINEA

Suggestions: The following story may be mastered and told by the leader, or it may be used as a reading:

SCHOOL was over for the day and several pupils had started on the three-mile homeward walk. Some distance ahead of them was a wooden bridge crossing a roaring and tumbling river, swollen with the recent rains. Suddenly a cry sounded up from the river. An accident had happened, and the unfortunate victim was being swept down the stream. The school children were startled. One ten-year-old boy took in the situation at a glance. Swiftly he ran for the bridge, throwing off his coat as he ran. Climbing under the bridge and clinging to the timbers beneath, he waited. As the drowning victim was hurried past the boy seized the clothes of the unfortunate one, allowed himself to slip into the water, and struck out for the branch of an overhanging tree. A life had been saved, and a ten-year-old boy had saved it.

The boy was "Jim" Chalmers. Born in a fishing village on the western coast of Scotland, he never knew what it was to be afraid of the water. During his whole life he had never been far from the ocean, and much of his time had been spent in and upon it. He used to say that he didn't know what heaven would be like without the sea.

As a boy James Chalmers never was quite so happy as when riding a raft, an old log, a piece of plank, or an old, abandoned boat. Many were his adventures.

Soon after the incident narrated he plunged into the water and rescued a child who was being carried off by the current. Later he saved two young men from drowning. The saving was not all on one side, however, for on three different occasions James Chalmers himself was pulled out of the water and taken home for drowned. On another occasion he was with difficulty saved from being carried out to sea in an old boat. So many escapes did the boy have that his father used to say he believed there must be some fate besides drowning in store for James. That father could hardly foresee what a strange fate it was to be.

At sixteen James planned to run away and go to sea, but the thought of his broken-hearted mother restrained him. He stayed in school and went to college instead. Here, as elsewhere, the strong, enthusiastic, mischief-loving young man was a great favorite. He loved practical jokes, and when he had one of his "spells" there was not much studying done. One night, in order to get even with him, his fellow students locked him in his room, filled the keyhole with cayenne pepper and touched a match to it. When Chalmers put his head out of the window in order to breathe, a pail of water descended upon him from above. Not even a ducking, however, could dampen his exuberant spirits.

With all of his love of fun, Chalmers was a serious-minded, devout Christian, and he could lead a prayer meeting or work in a city mission as effectively as he could play a joke. He had determined to become a foreign missionary, and, as may well be imagined, he

wanted to go among real heathen. He didn't want any soft, easy field in which to work.

At twenty-five years of age Chalmers and his bride started for Rarotonga, an island in the southern Pacific Ocean northeast of Australia. Before their boat had left the English Channel they were nearly lost in a storm which wrecked twenty-two other vessels. Some months later the boat ran upon a coral reef and began to leak badly. The pumps were worked with great vigor and the boat was finally released by the running and jumping of some natives from a nearby island, who had been secured for that purpose. This did not conclude the voyagers' troubles, however, for the boat was soon wrecked on another reef, the outfit of the missionaries lost, and Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers left for three months on a lonely island. They were picked up by a passing vessel, and seventeen months after leaving England they arrived at their appointed field, Rarotonga.

Rarotonga is one of the Cook Islands in the southern Pacific. It is surrounded by a coral reef thirty-five miles in circumference. The island has a beautiful white, sandy beach, and upon it grow chestnut, coconut, breadfruit, and banana trees in great abundance. Despite the beauty of the island there were many things to be set right. Licentiousness, deceit, theft, drunkenness, and other vices abounded. The natives were so given to drink that Chalmers used coconut milk instead of wine when administering the Lord's Supper.

There was much work to be done in Rarotonga, but

Chalmers had a very great desire to press on and open up some newer fields. He urged the Missionary Society to send out some one to take up the work at Rarotonga and permit him to go to the "heathen." After ten years his desire was granted, and he was free to start for New Guinea. Many parts of this immense island had not been explored by white men. The inhabitants were cannibals, and numerous were the white victims who had fallen into their hands only to be killed and eaten. The element of danger made the work more attractive to Chalmers. He was sure that the power of the gospel was sufficient even to transform cannibals.

When Chalmers reached the southeastern portion of New Guinea he found life there very primitive indeed. All instruments in use were made of stone; the use of money was unknown; the various tribes were in a continual state of war; the natives ate human flesh and held human life in little regard; necklaces of human bones were worn, and human jawbones were attached to the arms. The houses were decorated with human skulls. The islanders informed Chalmers that they were cannibals and that human flesh tasted very good to them.

During the first few days and weeks of their stay there were many plots and attempts to kill the missionaries and their helpers. One night a plot was laid to murder them. A native who had become friendly told Chalmers of it in detail. A boat was in the harbor and there was a chance for the party to slip out at midnight and escape. The facts were laid before Mrs.

Chalmers and the decision was left to her. Her answer reflects her courage and great faith: "We have come here to preach the gospel and to do these people good; God, whom we serve, will take care of us. We will stay. If we die, we die; if we live, we live." The boat left, and the last hope for escape was gone. All night long the missionaries heard the horn blowing to call the warriors from the bush. All night and the next day they watched, but, as if by miracle, the danger was averted.

Leaving Mrs. Chalmers behind, Chalmers soon started on the first of his countless tours along the coast of New Guinea. No bay was too dangerous for him to enter, and no tribe was too fierce to receive a visit from him. His hair-breadth escapes make one shudder, but to him they were nothing. He was simply going about his ordinary duties, and he didn't want to be considered a hero. At one time he wrote home: "The home church seems to think that we have much to endure, many trying experiences and hardships. I fail to see them."

Again and again he was in danger of drowning. Four times he was shipwrecked; many times he was capsized in the wild surf and escaped with difficulty. Once, when he asked for a drink, he was poisoned and did not recover for a month. At another time as he was backing away from a crowd of threatening natives, he turned in time to see a man in the rear just ready to strike him with a stone club. He seized the club and escaped.

These dangers were but the pepper and salt that

made his work attractive. Chalmers's wonderful personality won the natives, and he made friends where no one else could have done so. He writes: "We do not spend our time in hymn-singing, praying, and preaching in public, as many suppose; rather in bush-clearing, fencing, building, planting, and many other forms of work, in play, in feasting, traveling, joking, laughing, and all of the other ordinary activities of life." Chalmers insisted that if a missionary was to accomplish much in New Guinea, he must mingle freely with the natives. He was even "initiated" and became a member of some of the savage tribes.

For more than ten years the London Missionary Society had been trying to get Chalmers to come to England on a furlough. He was rather incorrigible, however, and for a long time they could not persuade him to come. At last he consented, and reached England after nearly twenty-one years of absence. He was now alone, for Mrs. Chalmers had died some years before. Chalmers had thought himself very much a savage after his twenty-one years of roughing it, but he soon became one of the most popular missionary speakers of the nineteenth century.

A few months of this life were enough for Chalmers, and he returned to continue his work of opening up new places. Eight years later he was again in England for a short time.

On Easter Sunday, April 7, 1901, Chalmers's vessel anchored in front of a small island just off the coast of New Guinea. The next morning, amid canoes crowded with natives bearing spears, clubs, and knives,

Chalmers started for the shore. His small craft entered a little bay, and there Chalmers disappeared forever from the view of men. A native afterward described what happened to the missionary when he and his young colleague, Oliver Tomkins, landed on that wild shore. He was struck down with a stone club and stabbed, his head was cut off, and his body cut into pieces and given to the women to be cooked and eaten.

Surely this was a cruel and revolting tragedy, but it was more than that—it was a glorious end to a noble life. Even Chalmers himself would not have had it different, for his death did much to break up the cannibalism of New Guinea.

A short time before Chalmers's death he wrote: "I should not like to become a shelved missionary. Far better to go home from the field, busy at work."

The words contained in an address after his death expressed the feeling of thousands: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

XIV

PORTO RICO

A PERSONAL TOUCH FROM PORTO RICO

Suggestions: This exercise has been arranged by Helen Bushnell. A chart to be placed on the bulletin board, the Sunday before the program, may have a picture of a coconut on one corner, and a whisky bottle or liquor cask on the opposite corner. Few words are needed. Some such catchy phrase as: "*When Porto Rico Chose the Coconut—Hear About It in Sunday School Next Sunday*"; or, "*Coconuts Versus Liquor—Which One in Porto Rico? Come Next Sunday and Find Out*" will help to arouse interest. Postcard pictures or photographs of Porto Rico scenes would add to the value of the poster. The leader should not *read* the "talk." The quotations from the letters may very properly be read, but the explanations and general outline of the information should be first absorbed by the speaker, and then given out sympathetically and understandingly. A good book on customs and scenery in Porto Rico may be secured from the public library and read to get a background of knowledge of the country.

SOME one has said that Porto Rico is one of the best places on earth for an auto ride. It has a series of the finest roads in the world. Porto Rico is an island territory with a total area of 3,606 square miles, and a population larger than that of the State of Connecticut. Held under the sway of the Roman Catholic Church for four hundred years, it was practically isolated from Protestant influence until acquired by the

United States in 1898. Coming into citizenship from an environment which afforded them no training in democracy, the Porto Ricans stand in need of more thorough Americanization. Less than half of the people can read or write.

Their churches vary from fine stone buildings in some of the cities to isolated shacks, built of the bark of the royal palm, and thatched with grass or palm leaves. But whether their walls are strong or flimsy, within them the Porto Ricans are finding a firm foundation on which to build their faith.

In 1917 there was great agitation among the voters over the question of prohibition. A missionary writing from there at that time said:

"We are having great excitement over the wet and dry question. So many of the citizens can neither read nor write, that the ballots had to be planned accordingly. So the words were written on the ballots (in Spanish of course) for those who could read. The left-hand column was for prohibition, and besides the text of the measure to be voted upon, it had a picture of a coconut. The other column was headed by a picture of a whisky bottle. Those who could not read made their crosses by the pictures, to show which side of the question they wanted to vote upon. Last Sunday during the Sunday school services there was a fearful hubbub in the street outside, and a procession went by. The first half was made up of men, carrying bottles and crying, 'We want the bottle!' They were followed by a gang of boys shouting, '*We* want the coconut!' "

It is interesting to know that Porto Rico went dry at that time, and in the Record of Christian Work for one of the fall months of 1918 there was a paragraph mentioning the fact that since prohibition went into effect all the schools on the island had become overcrowded, and the evangelical churches were trying to cope with the situation by organizing and maintaining night schools as part of their regular work.

A missionary who has spent some years in Porto Rico and knows the field well, wrote to a friend in the United States in November, 1918, saying:

"Earthquakes have been rocking this little island of ours for about three weeks now. We feel slight shocks nearly every day. On the eleventh of this month there was a big shock that did a great deal of damage in Mayaguez and vicinity, and in Aguadilla. Thousands of dollars' worth of property was damaged and there was a great loss of life, especially in Aguadilla, where the sea tidal wave swept into the town taking a big toll of lives—just how many will never be known, for whole families were swept away, it seems. About midnight of the twenty-fourth we had another ugly shake that made everyone get out into the streets as quickly as possible. Many people did not return to their homes that night. That shake did not do much damage other than to cause some of the damaged and tottering buildings to fall. Here in this town there was no loss of life and only a few cracked buildings.

"There has never been a time when it was easier to speak to people about the gospel. There have been

many religious processions. After the first shock that did so much damage, every night people paraded through the streets with lighted candles, images of saints, or even pictures of saints, imploring the 'Mother of God' to have mercy. These poor deluded people! They think they have Christianity, and it is therefore harder for them to understand the simple gospel of Jesus than it would be for some one who did not have a mistaken idea of the heavenly Father and of his Son, the Saviour.

"I have more faith than ever in our evangelical people. Most of them have shown that their Christianity is a real and sustaining power in their lives. An example will help you to see it too: Our church is very poor—I mean made up of poor people. Yet, when an offering was taken the other Thursday night for those who have suffered so much, our people gave in all \$30.50. I had thought that at most not more than \$10 would be contributed. But they said that inasmuch as they still *had* everything, and there were those who had *lost* everything, they could give of what God had let them keep."

XV

SOUTH AMERICA

A MAP TALK ON SOUTH AMERICA

Suggestions: A wall map of South America, or an outline map drawn on the blackboard or on a large piece of paper, is needed for use in connection with this talk. As many facts as possible should be drawn from the class group by questions. The following facts will form the basis for the talk.

SOUTH AMERICA is almost as large as North America, and it contains a habitable area larger than the habitable area of North America.

South America has some of the highest mountain ranges, largest rivers, densest forests, most valuable natural resources, and largest unexplored land areas to be found in the world.

The Amazon River system alone has over 50,000 miles of navigable water ways, enough to tie two ropes around our planet.

Ocean steamers can sail up the Amazon River a greater distance than the distance from New York city to Panama.

South America produces gold, silver, copper, tin, coal, diamonds, emeralds, and many other valuable minerals and precious stones.

Brazil produces three fourths of the world's coffee supply, and Argentine long ago became an important factor in producing the meat rations of the world.

Before the war broke out in Europe steamers routed from Argentine to England were timed to land in Liverpool and other ports with the regularity of express trains, each boat carrying tons of the finest meat.

Brazil alone is larger than the entire United States or the whole of Europe.

There are in the interior regions of Brazil vast unexplored areas inhabited by wild tribes of Indians of whose number only conjectures can be made.

Illiteracy in South America ranges from forty to eighty-five per cent in the different countries. South America's development has been hindered by lack of education.

Practically all of the countries of South America are republics, but the governments are not always stable.

The Catholic Church in South America has stood for a closed Bible, and has been anxious to keep the people in ignorance. Many Bibles have been taken by the priests and burned, and individuals found with Bibles have often been cruelly persecuted.

The marriage relationship is held very lightly in South America.

The name of Jesus Christ is also held in very little regard. Stores, butcher shops, and even drinking bars, are dedicated to the Saviour, to the Virgin, or to the Holy Spirit.

A census of several thousand students in institutions of higher learning recently revealed less than one per cent who professed any belief in a Deity.

There are more ordained ministers in the State of Iowa than in all of South America. In any of the ten

republics in South America a missionary could have an entire city, or dozens of towns for his parish.

The condition of the native Indians of South America is most unfortunate. Their attitude is one of cringing fear and humility. They claim no rights and are granted few privileges.

There are 53,000,000 people in South America, roughly divided as follows: ten per cent, intellectuals; sixty per cent, mixed stock, more or less ignorant, superstitious, fanatical, and nominally Roman Catholic. The remaining thirty per cent are Indians, victims of neglect and vice. The "intellectuals" of South America are almost entirely agnostic or atheistic.

The church must provide ministers, teachers, and a large volume of clean Christian literature if the young people of South America are to have a fair chance at the best things of life.

AMERICAN-TRAINED LADS IN BOLIVIA

Suggestions: The following demonstration, arranged by Dora N. Abbott, is adapted from World Outlook, March, 1917. The following characters are necessary: *Ernesto Gavarra*, *Manuel Florez*, and *Professor McBride*, of the American Institute at LaPaz, Bolivia, and the *General Manager* of the Bolivian Railway System. The scene is a railway station where *Professor McBride* meets *Ernesto Gavarra* and *Manuel Florez*.

Professor: Glad to see you, Gavarra and Florez. How long ago did you fellows graduate?

Ernesto: Three years. What times we used to have! Do you remember our first track meet? Everyone came out and the American minister gave the medals. Do you remember Amiri, a descendant of the old Incas, and how they hooted at him when he joined our football team? How they yelled at him, "Put a pack on his back. He can't play football. Indians and mules carry burdens. They don't play football!" How their shouts changed to cheers when they saw him play!

Manuel: I'll never forget our scouting hike to Oruro, when we made the record of a hundred and fifty miles in four and one half days. They met us fifteen miles from the city with bicycles and nearer the city with horses and carriages. They thought we would have to ride, but every one of the nineteen finished the whole trip on foot. When they gave us the banquet after we arrived, what a wonder it was to have no drinks served!

Ernesto: Remember that time when the boys from the government school were left by their drunken teachers out in the mountains during a storm? We formed a searching party and found two of them dead and one nearly unconscious. Those scouts were great boys!

Professor: What are you doing now, Gavarra.

Ernesto: Working for the Bolivian Railway System. I am on my way home from Chile. I have been sick and they have just paid my expenses to the coast and return with all the hospital bills, besides my regular salary for the full month. My pay has jumped from forty to two hundred and fifty Bolivianos monthly since I went to work for them two and a half years ago.

Professor: Where are you, Florez?

Florez: I am assistant secretary to the vice president of the Bolivian Railway System.

[Enter the station the *General Manager* of the Bolivian Railway System.]

Manuel: I want you to meet my teacher, Professor McBride of the American Institute of LaPaz. [Introduce]

General Manager: What kind of school have you there?

Professor: All kinds of boys come to our school, some from beautiful homes and some from squalid huts. There are sons of Indian burden-bearers, or merchants, of wealthy mine and ranch owners, and of members of the president's Cabinet. There are three hundred of them. They can enter kindergarten and

take their B. A. degree before they leave. One of our last year's graduates is at the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, learning how to develop the seven thousand square miles of land left him by his father, a rich congressman. Another was the son of an old man who came carrying the boy's trunk on his back. This old man, after dropping the trunk, asked humbly to see me and said he hoped his son would do well. He won first honors in English at the end of the year.

General Manager: I have never had as good help in the last fifteen years of railway business as I have had from the American Institute. I would like to fill my office with such boys and take all the fellows recommended from the graduating class, even if I had to pay them a salary until I could find places for them. Here's our train. Good-by, Professor. Keep on with your good work. [Exit the *General Manager*, *Gavarra*, and *Manuel*.]

Professor: Such fellows make one see what Christian American education can do for South America.

XVI

STEWARDSHIP

"THANK YOU"

Suggestions: The following exercise, contributed by Mary S. Stover, may be presented by five Intermediate girls.

CHARACTERS

May—An American girl. Is dressed in ordinary clothes and carries a small, swinging handbag or change purse.

Girl from India—Wears simple white dress, with white head covering of two yards of cheesecloth or other thin material, doubled lengthwise, wound over head and under chin so as to fall gracefully over her shoulders. Garland may be made on a foundation of slightly dampened rope into which wild sunflowers or other gay, plentiful blossoms are fastened.

South American Girl—In middy suit or other simple, girlish costume. Big ribbon bow on her loosely arranged dark hair.

Korean Girl—Full gathered white skirt reaching close up under arms, above which may be a short, plain jacket of white cloth tied in front. Hair parted smoothly and braided in tight braids without ribbons. Carries a little cloth bag of rice.

Moslem Girl—Should be dressed in a simple light muslin, preferably with gathered blouse and skirt and

flowing sleeves, with a pretty scarf arranged as head-dress.

[May enters at right, carrying purse.]

May: O, dear! It's nearly Sunday school time and I don't believe I have a penny left in my purse. [Tosses out on her hand a dime or two, several nickels, and a quarter.] This is Missionary Sunday too; Our teacher always pays more attention to the class collection on Missionary Sunday, and the superintendent talks about missions till I feel sort of mean when I don't put in anything.

Some folks say we ought to give more on Missionary Sunday, and that may be all right for girls and boys that just ask their parents for the money, but I have to pay mine out of my allowance, and my allowance isn't nearly as big as some girls have. It's altogether too much to expect me to be denying myself all sorts of little things just to give money to stupid heathens that are probably quite as well off before the missionaries go there as afterward! But who in the world is that coming, I'd like to know!

[Enter *a girl of India* (at left).]

Salaam! Salaam! [Bowing with hand raised to forehead and dropped gracefully.] Are you not one of the dear Christian girls of America?

May: I'm an American girl all right, and I suppose I'm a Christian.

Miss India: How strange you do not know! It must be because you and your family have always loved Jesus so much that you do not understand anything different. When *my* family became Christians my

father and brothers were beaten till father's arm was broken and one of my brothers nearly died from his hurts. Besides, we had to stop drawing water from the village well; and the only water we had to drink was what we could scoop up out of a horrid ditch. The good missionary showed us how to cook that water before we drank it or it would have killed us. I had to gather the grass and sticks to cook it with, and what hard work it was to get enough!

But now everybody in our village is Christian and O, how lovely that is! I can sing two songs that the missionary lady says you sing over in America; and I am learning to read in our village school. The school is not much like yours though; we just go and sit under the big tamarind tree and our pastor's wife teaches us. She says I may have a chance to go, by and by, to the mission school that you, dear friends in America, have given us out of your great love. I thank you with many salaams, and I bring you this garland to show my love. [Hangs a garland of flowers around May's neck and salaams smilingly as she turns away. Leaves stage at right.]

[*May remains at right. She appears somewhat bewildered. Enter South American Girl.*]

Miss South America: I'm a South American girl from beautiful Argentina. Of course *we* weren't anything like heathen before my father heard a missionary speak and decided that religion isn't the silly, babyish thing most men in our country think it is. All the same, listening to the missionaries has made our home a very different place; and I've learned ever so

much from attending the mission school. Do you know, I used to think it wasn't "ladylike" to wait on myself or to take enough exercise to make my body strong and healthy! Now I'm ready to challenge you to a game of tennis or volley ball any day, or to walk with you as far as you care to go.

Of course I've learned plenty of other things, but I like best knowing what it means to be a real *Christian*. Thank you for that, North American cousin! [Quick, graceful bow as she leaves.]

[Enter *Korean Girl*, bows.]

I am a Christian Korean girl, and I'm all ready for church, just as you are. See, mother let me carry the rice to-day. Isn't it a fine bagful? We always try to take more than our tithe.

[*May* looks puzzled.]

May: What do you mean by your tithe?

Miss Korea: Why, our tenth. One tenth of everything we have is God's, you know. We Koreans have little money to give, so whenever mother starts to get a meal she puts God's share of the rice or millet in a jar by itself. Then on Sunday we take it to church, and everybody else does the same. At the time of the offering we all pour our grain on a nice, clean cloth on the floor. God understands that it means just the same as your money does; but O, how I wish I could earn a shining piece of silver money to give him! [Nods shyly and exits.]

[*May* stares at her purse. Enter a Moslem Girl.]

Miss Egypt: My home is in Cairo in the old, old land of Egypt. Of course you have seen many pictures

of the Pyramids and of other scenes in my land. Perhaps you have heard travelers tell of the close-shut houses through whose latticed windows many Moslem women get their only glimpse of the world. My sister was veiled before she was my age, but I have been allowed to go to the mission school till I can read and write and know more than any other woman of our family ever dreamed of. Once I wrote a letter to one of the Cairo papers to tell how much I wanted to keep on going to school instead of being shut away from the world. That letter was printed too! Of course I did not dare sign my own name on it, for that would have made my father furiously angry. I didn't dare write at home either. I wrote, one recess time, at school, and then slipped around like a thief and dropped it into the box where the missionaries put their letters.

It isn't likely that girls will be allowed to leave off the veil while I am young, but maybe my letter will help a little toward making other girls free. Think of a Cario paper printing a letter from a *girl*! That would never have happened without the influence of your Christian missionaries. Thank you, O, thank you, dear generous American girls! [Bows and leaves stage at left.]

May: O! I never felt so cheap in my life. How big a share do those girls think I've had in sending 'em missionaries and schools? Of course I mean to do something when I'm grown up and have lots of money, but I haven't wanted to help as much as I can right now. I—I wonder if it wouldn't be best to begin

putting God's share to one side *now*, as those poor Koreans do! One tenth of everything they have!

According to that, I'm afraid most of his share has gone for ice-cream sundaes this summer—but it shan't hereafter! I'll pay part of it back this morning too! [Beginning to look coins over again.] I won't let that Korean girl do so much better than I do!

[Still thoughtfully regarding her pieces of money, *May* follows the other girls off stage.]

THE VILLAGE PRIEST

Suggestions: The following story may be told by the leader or by some member of the department just before the offering:

MANY years ago, so the story runs, there lived a village priest in Europe whose parishioners desired to give him a pleasant surprise on the anniversary of a long and faithful service. It was in the days when wine was in good repute, and so it was decided that after nightfall a cask should be placed on the steps of the beloved priest's home, and then each man in the community was to bring his finest bottle of wine from the cellar and pour it into the cask. In this way the cask would be filled with the best wine which the community could afford. The plan worked according to schedule, and the next morning the priest, seeing the cask and appreciating what his friends had done, was much gratified.

When he took his cup, however, to draw out the first taste of wine, nothing but clear water emerged from the cask. It seemed that all the men in the community had done exactly the same thing. In other words, each man, thinking that all his neighbors were going to pour in a bottle of their best wine, came to the conclusion that he could without detection save his wine for himself by pouring in a bottle of water instead of wine. A single bottle of water in so much good wine would never be noticed. He would get all the credit of giving his best, while at the same time he would be able to keep it for himself. The morning light, how-

ever, revealed the contemptible character of such shallow protestations of love. It showed two things: first, that the people in the community cared more about themselves than they did about anyone else; and, in the second place, their willingness to let their neighbors bear the community burdens while they shared in the common glory.

There are some people in the world like that to-day. They like to congratulate themselves on the fine achievements of their country or their church, but they try to bear as small a part of the common task as possible. Such people have not caught the spirit of Jesus, who came "not to be ministered unto but to minister," and who taught that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

“IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?”

Suggestions: The following recitation, arranged by Augusta Walden Comstock, may be given by a young girl dressed in white with a white fillet of ribbon about her head. It is appropriate for use just before the taking of the missionary offering.

I AM Conscience. I come to you to-day to remind you of some of the opportunities you have had and will have to send the gospel to others. For some weeks now I have tried to persuade you to help answer the calls that come from the suffering, sin-burdened peoples of the world.

You admire unselfishness in others. Then why not be yourself unselfish? Sometimes I have had to give you a sharp prick to remind you that you were really very selfish. Some of you are too much like the little girl who, after she had seen a very hungry beggar, said, “O Lord, it’s none of my business, is it?” She did not want it to be any of her business.

Is it not your business that thousands of boys and girls are hungry and are suffering from sin and ignorance? Should you selfishly spend all your money and thought on yourself, when many sadly need a share of both?

Is it nothing to you who build God’s shrines
And array them with golden glow,
That millions are dying without the light
Because we have failed to know?

Is it nothing to you who have the keys
To the kingdom of light and love,
That the door is bolted and all is dark
And the Saviour pleads above?

Is it nothing to you, since faith and hope
Have mantled your earthly way,
That others are kept in the darkest night
And you have the blaze of day?

Is it nothing to you that the Bible stays
A precious, but sealed up book,
And you with the light of the Father's face
Could brighten the darkest nook?

XVII

WESTERN AMERICA

A MAP TALK ON THE FRONTIER

Suggestions: For use in connection with this talk a good wall map of the United States should be secured, and the speaker provided with a pointer so that he can refer to the map from time to time. For the purpose of this talk we are thinking of the frontier as consisting of the following States: Washington, Oregon, California, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Wyoming, South Dakota, North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, and Minnesota. The following facts may be used as a basis for the talk. As many facts as possible should, however, be drawn from the group by questions.

THESE States (as indicated above) include almost one half of the territory of the United States proper, but according to the census of 1910 only 17.7 per cent of the United States lives in this region. The statistics indicate, however, that this section is growing very rapidly.

In this entire region the average density of population is nine persons to the square mile. When we remember that in Belgium the population before the war was 589 to the square mile; in Holland, 455; in Italy, 405, and in many other countries almost as much, we get some idea of the almost unlimited possibilities for the future development of our great West, and of

the very great importance of the religious work which is being established in this territory.

The vast agricultural development and the large mining and lumber interests in this region provide special conditions and special problems. Thousands of homesteaders and other new settlers move in every year.

Sometimes we think that our "Little Italies" and "Little Russias" are all in our Eastern States, but such is not the case. There are many sections of the West which are entirely given over to foreign-speaking groups.

Some of our most radical Bolshevik agitators have developed in this region.

Arizona's largest immigration is from old Mexico. California gains more Italian immigrants than any other nationality. Many Spaniards go to Idaho, probably attracted by the grazing lands there. German farmers go to Kansas, while Croatians and Slovenians have settled largely in Kansas City. Kansas City is said to be the largest Croatian city in the United States. Minnesota attracts Scandinavians; Nebraska seems to be particularly attractive to Hebrews and Italians. In Utah there are many Danish and English settlers, while many other race and foreign groups are scattered throughout this vast Western country. Of course this includes Oriental groups of considerable size. The influx of Mexicans has been increasing in recent years.

In all but two of these States the percentage of church membership is less than the average for the

entire United States. One of these exceptional States is Utah, where a large proportion of the people are Mormon, and are therefore counted as church members. Yet, so far as we are concerned, Utah remains one of the most needy mission fields.

Wyoming has the unenviable distinction of having the smallest percentage of church membership in its population of any State in the United States.

The Catholic Church is relatively strong in this Western region.

An investigation some time ago revealed the fact that in thousands of communities in these Western States, boys and girls are growing up—and many have grown up—to maturity without ever having had an opportunity to attend church or Sunday school, and without any instruction concerning the Christian religion or the Christian God.

In the West, as in every new country, Christian institutions can be firmly established only as they receive outside aid while the establishment is being accomplished. This is our present task and our fine opportunity.

A MAP TALK ON MONTANA

Suggestions: A large outline map of Montana prepared by one of the pupils indicating the chief rivers and mountain ranges, and a pointer, will provide the equipment for this talk. Draw out from the class members by questions as many facts as possible. Supplement your own information by the use of encyclopedias and reference books.

MONTANA is not the largest State in the Union, but it is large enough, especially to an Easterner.

If you were to take the State of Maine, and add to it the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, you would still lack an area larger than the State of Massachusetts of having as much land as there is in the State of Montana alone.

The fastest trains crossing Montana require more than twenty-four hours to cross the State.

The former Austria is smaller than Montana, and Hungary, which is larger than Austria, is also considerably smaller than Montana.

The population of Montana is less than 500,000, but the population of Hungary before the war was 21,000,000, and that of Austria 29,000,000.

Montana is 540 miles from east to west, and it has an average width of 275 miles. The eastern three fifths of the State consists largely of plains at an elevation ranging from one fourth of a mile to a mile. In The western part of the State there are various peaks rising to a height of more than two miles.

It is estimated that there are 30,000,000 acres of level land to be farmed in Montana.

The climate of Montana is in general dry and healthful.

Montana has many interesting wild animals: Jack rabbits, prairie dogs, coyotes, bison, bears, moose, elk, deer, and wolves.

Montana produces many minerals: copper, silver, gold, lead, zinc, and coal.

Millions of sheep, cattle, and horses graze on the plains of Montana.

In 1870 there were only 20,000 people in the State of Montana. To-day there are nearly half a million.

There are some 11,000 Indians in the State.

In 1910 the major part of the church population of Montana was Catholic. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and other denominations are also active.

Like all frontier States, Montana is, and will be, religiously what we help to make her.

A MAP TALK ON WYOMING

Suggestions: An outline map of Wyoming and the adjoining States should be drawn on the blackboard or on a piece of manila paper. Draw out as much information as possible by questions. Supplement your own information by consulting encyclopedias and other sources.

WYOMING is one of our largest frontier States. It is 369 miles from east to west and 276 miles from north to south.

The territory of Wyoming, with the exception of one corner, formed a part of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. The State was admitted to the Union in 1890.

The Rocky Mountains cross Wyoming. The peaks reach nearly three miles in height.

The climate is dry and healthful.

The State produces coal, petroleum, agricultural products, and many horses, mules, cows, sheep, and swine. There is much lumber but little manufacturing.

The population of Wyoming in 1870 was only 9,000. To-day it is more than 140,000. In 1910 there were almost twice as many males as females in the State. This indicates the frontier character of the State.

The combined membership of all religious bodies comprises a little more than one fourth of the total population. The Roman Catholics come first, the Mormons second, and Protestants third.

Wyoming enjoys the unenviable distinction of having a smaller proportion of church members than any other State of our West.

A MAP TALK ON COLORADO

Suggestions: An outline map of Colorado, and a pointer form all the equipment necessary for this talk.

COLORADO is known as the "Centennial State," because it was admitted to the Union in 1876.

Colorado, with the exception of Wyoming, is the most elevated State of the Union. Pike's Peak is the most famous mountain, but there are twenty-two others higher than Pike's Peak.

The dry climate and pure atmosphere are considered beneficial to health.

Colorado is best known as a mining State, although in 1912 it ranked eleventh among the mineral producing States of the Union.

Colorado had a late start as an agricultural State, but agriculture is being largely developed.

Large herds of cattle and sheep are raised here.

Much of the land of Colorado must be irrigated before it is of value.

Colorado is the most populous of the Rocky Mountain States. The population is estimated at nearly 1,000,000.

Colorado has a large foreign-born population. Only a little more than half of the population is native white of native parentage.

Colorado has a greater railway mileage than any other of the Rocky Mountain States.

Because of the many new projects in Colorado, including mining developments, irrigation projects,

and similar enterprises, there are countless new towns where people will live and boys and girls grow to maturity without religious training or opportunity unless help is received from the outside. That is a part of our home missionary task.

The church has done much in missionary work in Colorado, and the State will require more assistance, both of men and money, in working out its religious future.

XVIII

WORLD

THE VISION OF A WORLD'S NEED

Suggestions: The following plea for a needy world should be learned in advance and presented as a reading or declamation by some member of the department. It can be appropriately used just before the taking of the missionary offering. It may be preceded by a few words of explanation from the leader.

I SPEAK for the vision of a world to be won for Christ. I tell of great opportunity in India, where multitudes wait in the darkness of ignorance and superstition for the freedom which only Christ can give, where boys and girls grow up without schools, and where countless millions lie down hungry each night because the food which they need their poverty will not permit them to secure.

I tell of China, that vast land housing one fourth of the human race, a land groping blindly for democracy and Christianity, but handicapped for lack of the things which we might supply.

I speak of Africa, a country so huge that a journey around its borders is equal to a trip around the world; a country where eighty million children of the jungle stand ready to accept Christianity, but where the missionaries of Mohammed are making converts three times as fast as the missionaries of the cross.

I speak of Malaysia, that "Melting Pot of the East," where millions of natives and other multitudes of immigrants of many sorts look to America for help and guidance.

I speak of South America, our nearest neighbor, our sister continent, a land rich in natural resources, but lacking the things which alone can bring true progress—the Christian home, the open Bible, a free church, and the rock foundation of Christian principles and ideals.

I tell of Europe, devastated and torn by war, in need of our material assistance, but perhaps even more ready than we dream to accept our spiritual guidance; of Europe, where a great calamity has opened up for us unexpected doors of opportunity for service.

And then I speak to you of our homeland. I might tell you of a past of which we are justly proud; but I speak instead of unsolved problems to be faced, of injustice where we ought to find justice, of race antagonism instead of brotherhood, of selfishness where we should meet unselfishness, of unchurched multitudes, of unreached and neglected boys and girls, and of an army of idealistic youth who need above all the steady influence of a stupendous task.

Thus I reveal to you the vision of a world to be won for Him who came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly, but who made us the channels without which the life-giving streams can never reach a needy world.

“YOU ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD”

Suggestions: The following may be used as a basis for a leader's talk in the Intermediate Department.

Boys and girls are the most important beings in all the world.

How could it be otherwise? There are so many of them!

If all the boys and girls of the world under fifteen years of age were gathered together there would be enough of them to replace every man, woman and child in the United States six times over. Think of it—six nations as large as the United States and not a person over fifteen years of age.

This crowd, however, would mean more than mere numbers, for in it you would find all the future statesmen, authors, ministers, doctors, lawyers, business men, teachers, and the like upon which the welfare of the world depends.

Of course you would find there too all the criminals, scoundrels, and rascals of every sort who will in the future rise up to annoy society.

In other words that crowd of more than six hundred million youngsters will determine the future of the world's history.

Looking a little more closely, however, we discover some startling facts. One half of these boys and girls live in Asia and Africa, where for the most part Sunday schools are unheard of, public schools, with the possible exception of Japan, are almost unknown, and Christian homes are very scarce indeed.

Think of it, the future of one half the world in the hands of boys and girls who cannot read or write in any language, who are ignorant of Jesus Christ, and who never have had a Christian home!

When we turn to South America we find the boys and girls hardly more fortunate: ignorance, superstition, irreligion, and immorality abound.

When we speak of Europe it is in hushed tones. Multitudes of the boys and girls of Europe have been sacrificed upon the altar of war.

Do you wonder that a very wise man wrote a book recently addressed to the boys and girls of America, in which he said over and over again, "Boys and girls of America, you are the hope of the world"?

Yes, you, the boys and girls of America, you are the hope of the world. You have plenty to eat while millions of the boys and girls of the world go to bed hungry every night. Many of them have never in their entire lives had a chance to sit down and eat a full meal of wholesome food.

You have schools while hundreds of millions of boys and girls live in ignorance and superstition.

You have the Bible and a knowledge of Jesus Christ while a very large proportion of the boys and girls of the world have neither.

What are you going to do about it?

That is the most important question that you face to-day. The world is waiting for your answer.

Yes, your answer—you, the boys and girls of America, for "You are the hope of the world."

LIFE INVESTMENT

Suggestions: The following may be used as the basis for a leader's talk.

A FEW months ago, while the war was still in active progress, an Englishman stopped to buy some tickets from a Boy Scout.

"And how are you Scouts getting along now?" said the purchaser.

"Finely, sir, thank you," said the little chap, proudly. "Five of us have died already!"

This rather unusual answer was but the natural result of the environment of self-sacrifice in which the boy had been living. To have a chance to give one's life was indeed to be "getting along finely."

Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey, who commanded the "Lost Battalion," said recently: "The finest thing about the entire experience in Europe was the fact that we were all engaged in a great, unselfish enterprise. Selfish interest was forgotten and everyone stood ready to share his meanest comforts or to undergo the greatest hardship or dangers for the sake of the common good."

The war has helped us to learn over again the lesson which Jesus tried so long ago to teach his followers, namely, that "Whosoever shall lose his life, the same shall save it."

We shall make a serious mistake if as young people we imagine that now we can settle down into lives of luxury and selfish indulgence and through such a

process gain real joy or genuine success. The great fundamental principles of life which were so thoroughly tested in the war remain ever the same. The only true satisfactions are to be found in service and not in selfish gratification. This is not an easy lesson to learn, but it is an important one.

The world's needs are to-day so great that for any young person to shape his life without due regard for them is to insure failure at the beginning of the race.

We have been engaged in a great war to make the world safe for democracy. In our own country, where democracy has succeeded best, we have been dependent upon the Christian home, the public school, and the church to build up those qualities of character, without which democracy will ever be of little value.

To-day, however, almost two thirds of the people of the world have either never heard of Jesus Christ or have an entirely misleading conception of him; one half the world's population over six years of age cannot read or write any language, and throughout much of the world anything corresponding to a Christian home is unknown.

• These are some of the conditions which you and I face. And the biggest job in all the world just now is to help to set some of these wrong conditions to rights.

The millions of money raised for missions will amount to little unless young men and women give their lives. And these young men and women must come from those now enrolled in Sunday school. They must come from schools like our own, from classes like those now assembled in this room, and

from ordinary homes like those from which we come.

Not long ago a good-sized Sunday school, in going over its records, found that not in its entire history had it sent out a minister, a missionary, or a religious worker of any sort. What would you think of a community in our own country from which not a single boy had gone into the army? Such a community would be immediately put into the "slacker" class. I wonder if there are any slacker Sunday schools.

The church needs several thousand new workers within the next few years, and the needs will increase rather than diminish as the years progress. Would it not be fine if some of you who sit within the hearing of my voice should be so stirred by the appeal of the world's needs that you will say, "Here am I. I will work, I will study, I will prepare myself, and I will spend and be spent until people everywhere have a fair chance at the good things of life"?

A CALL FROM AFAR

Suggestions: The various parts of the following exercise, arranged by Augusta Walden Comstock, may be given out in advance and learned by the participants.

(By a Boy)

AN old story says that in a great forest lived a band of brave knights who were "The Knights of the Silver Shield" because each received, when he became a knight, a dull silver shield.

Bravely these knights went wherever they were needed. Sometimes they stormed castles, sometimes they defended helpless women and children, sometimes they fought with wild beasts. Of one thing only were these knights afraid—that their shields should remain dull. That proclaimed to the world, "This knight has done no noble deed." Each unselfish, brave deed made the shield grow brighter and brighter, and the knight who did the bravest and highest service would find a golden star in the heart of his shining shield.

But that was long ago, and the knights are gone. Is there no work that needs your strength and courage? You are knights of Jesus Christ, but many of your shields are still dull. Be quick to do such deeds of unselfishness and courage that on your shining shield may come the "star" of a great deed well performed.

THE MASTER'S CALL

(By a girl)

Our Master says: "I will give you a chance to help

in a war against sin and ignorance. I want you to know more about the lives of boys and girls far across the sea. I want you to pray for them. I want you to deny yourself some luxury and use the money thus saved to send comfort and help to the needy of other lands. I want the whole world to know that this is a Sunday school whose boys and girls dare to undertake anything for Jesus Christ."

THE CALL FROM CACTUS LAND

(By a boy)

The boys and girls of Mexico call to you for help. "If no one comes to teach us and our parents, we shall never know that we can come to Jesus without a priest. We shall never know that Jesus and heaven are for the very poorest child. We shall believe that the Bible is a very bad book, as the priest says. How are we to know that it is a good book unless you send some one to tell us? Hundreds of us are hungry for books and study. But how can we be satisfied without schools and teachers? Won't you send some one to help us?"

THE CALL FROM THE OLDEST NATION

(By a girl)

The girls of China call to you for help: "When we are born everybody is sorry. Our fathers are angry because we aren't boys, and our mothers cry. When we are older our fathers will not send us to school, for they say we don't know any more than cows, and cows can't read. Sometimes we have to go with our mothers to take presents to idols in the temples, but we

know the ugly idols cannot hear us or help us. You don't know how terrible it is to be a girl in China. Won't you send some one to tell our parents about Jesus, who loves little children, who loves girls just as much as boys?"

THE CALL FROM INDIA

(By a girl)

The girls of India call to you for help: "If no one comes to tell our parents about Jesus, they will marry us, perhaps when we are only five years old, to men whom we may never have seen. We will have to be their servants as long as they live. If one of them dies, they will say it was because we are so wicked. We will be scolded and punished. They will dress us in rags, and often we shall have nothing at all to eat. We shall always be treated unkindly as long as we live. Won't you send some one to tell our fathers and mothers what Jesus said about loving little children?"

THE CALL FROM AFRICA

(By a Boy)

The children of Africa call to you for help: "We are savages because we do not know any other way to live. We are afraid of evil spirits which we believe to be hidden everywhere, waiting to harm us. We pray to snakes, stones, sticks, and idols. They say there is a God who loves boys and girls even if their skins are black, and who can make fine men out of savages. Does he do it? Is there really a better way to live? Then won't you give the children of Africa a chance?"

"FLING OUT THE BANNER" IN PANTOMIME

Suggestions: For a brief dramatic program, a hymn pantomime is always effective. In the following exercise, arranged by Madeleine Sweeny Miller, the song accompaniment should be rendered slowly by a chorus or single voice, with every word distinctly enunciated. Careful team-work at rehearsals will enable the performers to time their actions to the lines of the hymn. No curtain is needed.

Superintendent: So familiar have the great hymns of the church become to many of us that we often sing them semiconsciously, automatically, while scores of foreign thoughts go racing through our minds. With the desire of directing our attention to the meaningful depth of "Fling Out the Banner," one of our great missionary hymns, we have arranged our special program this morning. It will be presented by _____ class, with song accompaniment by _____. The entire school is asked to join in singing "Lead On, O King Eternal," at the close of the pantomime when the signal is given.

PANTOMIME

Verse 1. At the opening strains a young girl, dressed in white, or a boy of twelve, steps to platform, and at the words

"Fling out the banner, let it float,
Skyward and seaward high and wide,"

flings out triumphantly a large Christian flag, holding it thus throughout the verse.

"The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died."

If artificial light of any sort can be cast on the flag, it will be most effective.

Verse 2. While flag-bearer remains standing erect at center of platform with banner raised aloft, several girls in long white robes, with hair flowing beneath gold halos, enter and take places a few feet behind flag-bearer, standing on graded elevations (small steps or covered boxes). During the first three lines

“Fling out the banner! Angels bend.
In anxious silence o’er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend,”

they lean in wonderment down toward the banner, looking questioningly at one another. Some point toward it with upturned palms of hands, others tilt heads in that direction, or knit brows questioningly. At the last line,

“The wonder of the love Divine,”

they look aloft, with hands clasped.

Verse 3. While banner-bearer and angels remain standing where they were, at rear left appears a group, including a Japanese, an African, an Indian, or any other “heathen” desired, in native dress. During the first two lines,

“Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,”

they huddle timidly at rear of stage, gazing at flag. At third and fourth lines,

“And nations crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light”

they rush to the foot of the banner and kneel before it with bowed heads and clasped hands.

Verse 4. With all the groups remaining intact, an unkempt, shabbily dressed woman of the streets enters at rear right, and during first two lines,

"Fling out the banner! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,"

falls in heap on platform. During the third and fourth lines,

"Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life,"

she rises, crawls to flag, and kisses it radiantly.

Verse 5. By this time a considerable group of persons are on the platform, and while the soloists, or chorus, sing the first two lines of verse 5,

"Fling out the banner! Let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,"

they all rise and answer by singing the last two lines,

"Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified."

During this action the banner-bearer may wave flag.

Verse 6. Chorus or soloist, together with all on platform, should sing verse 6, exultantly,

"Fling out the banner high and wide,
Seaward and skyward let it shine."

During "seaward" the "heathen" may point in that direction, and as "skyward" is sung angels point on high.

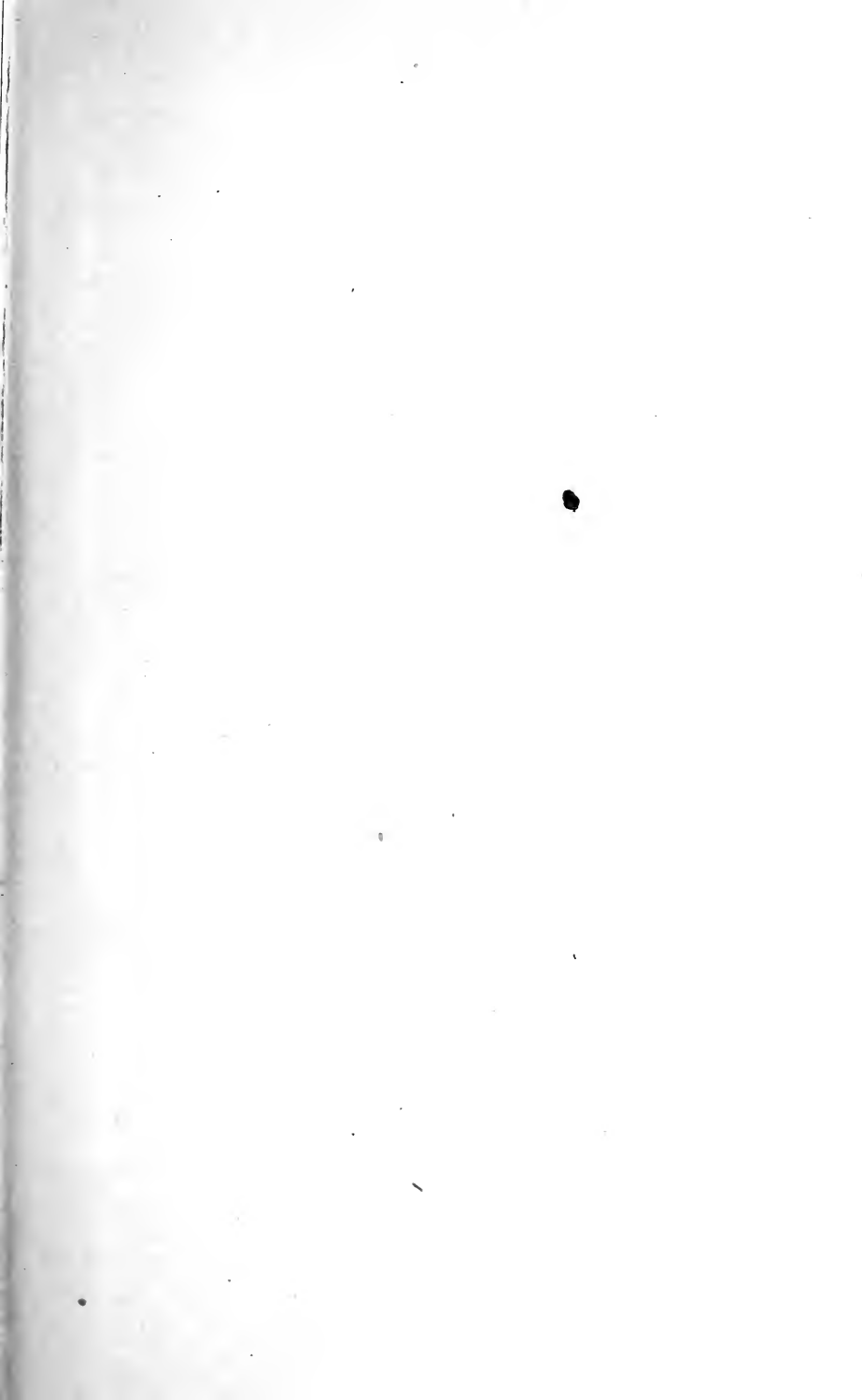
"Nor skill nor might, nor merit ours,
We conquer only in that sign."

During last line all should raise one arm high and point toward the flag with the other.

Following Verse 6, the pianist should swing immediately into

"Lead on, O King Eternal,"

and entire school should sing this hymn with the pantomime groups as they march off led by banner-bearer.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2005

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